

Includes Masters Gazette
from Feb 6 - Apr 17 - Vol 1 - No 1
to No 11



**SAYS
THE EDITOR**

**WE RECOMMEND THAT YOU
READ OUR RE-PRINTS
FROM 'LOOK' MAGAZINE**

In another part of this issue of THE CYMBAL appear two quotations from the current issue of the magazine *Look*. We recommend them for your reading—especially if you happen to think of yourself as a lady and drive an automobile, or if you happen to be a young man of the senior high school or college age. We have no comment.

**WE STILL DON'T KNOW
WHERE GOD IS**

We get a letter from L. M. Hall in Eugene, Ore., which reads:

"When your Christmas editorial was recently read in my hearing it called to mind an article entitled 'What on Earth Is God Doing?' which appeared in the *Christian Century* for June 12, 1940. It might interest you."

We doubt that it would. We have a feeling that whatever is said on the subject by a trade journal of the Christian religion isn't going to be convincing to us.

We'll admit to being in a highly confused state of mind about it. We read only this week in a newspaper that Hitler reiterated in his most recent tirade "Gott mit uns." Perhaps he has as much right to say it as anyone. Perhaps it is being said by any number of German haus-fraus who cower in their homes at the whistle of an RAF bomb. Perhaps they are just as certain of it as are their sisters over on the British Isles who cower at the whistle of a Nazi bomb.

And over to the west of us across the Pacific there are Japanese pinning their faith in Buddha the while they are dropping high explosives on Chinese who are pinning their faith in Buddha.

As we say, it's all very confusing—to us, it is.

**PEOPLE MOB US WITH
NEW SUBSCRIPTIONS
AND RENEWALS**

Getting in under the wire on THE CYMBAL's offer to renew subscriptions or take new ones at the one-dollar rate up to midnight Tuesday night, gave a lot of people here and elsewhere something of a Roman holiday. It also kept our office force on its ear Monday and Tuesday of this week.

The result was, for the week ending Tuesday:

New subscriptions, 22; Renewals, 73.

Which means, by the way, that this issue of THE CYMBAL goes into the Carmel boxes of exactly 400 paid subscribers, and that 76 go to other paid subscribers on the Peninsula. This total, with a conservatively estimated 375 sold by newsboys and on the newsstands, will give this issue a net paid circulation in and around Carmel of 851 which is an all-time high for any newspaper, daily or weekly, circulated in this community.

Of the new and renewal subscriptions 87 per cent of them were from Carmel residents, which speaks for itself. From the outside the sentiment expressed by many who sent in their dollar is typified by the following letter chosen from several:

Editor, The Cymbal:

Although my subscription to (Continued on Page Two)

CARMEL CYMBAL

Vol 14 • 27

CARMEL, CALIFORNIA • JANUARY 3, 1941

FIVE CENTS

POLICE SHADOW DOG-POISONERS

Troupers of the Gold Coast Repeat 'King and Queen of Gamblers' at First Theater Tomorrow

The demand for seats on New Year's Eve for "The King and Queen of Gamblers" at the First Theater, Monterey, was so terrific, and so many disappointed people were turned away, that a final repeat performance has been arranged for tomorrow evening. The Troupers of the Gold Coast declare that they have never had so much fun in any show, and the audiences

seem to agree if judgment can be made from laughter and applause and attendance.

George Smith has returned from his New Year's vacation, and will be back in the part of Dave Ripley, the uncle of canon-tied Sylvia, gambler who risks all on the turn of a card.

Seats for the Saturday performance may be secured at Stanford's.

Our Post Office Leaps Up into First Class Bracket Through Jump in Receipts in 1940

Thanks to the army officers and their families and a few other people who have decided to make Carmel their home, our

post office is now in the First Class bracket.

It did it through taking in an exciting total of ducats over the last year. Like this:

	1939	1940	Gain
First Quarter	\$ 9,281.33	\$10,236.51	\$ 955.18
Second Quarter	9,830.33	10,050.22	219.89
Third Quarter	12,204.46	12,611.98	407.52
Fourth Quarter	11,802.15	15,530.84	3,728.69
TOTALS	\$43,118.31	\$48,429.55	\$5,311.24

But this is the kick in the story: Postmaster Ernest Bixler announces, on formal onion-skin paper bearing his signature:

"The principal way in which the change from second to first class will effect the public is that the money order window will close at five o'clock instead of

remaining open until six. Other windows and service will remain the same as at present."

We understand, however, that this doesn't go into effect until the beginning of the new fiscal year. When that is is apparently a secret. Ernest doesn't tell us in his statement.

Lindeman Sisters Here Monday, and We Let the Woman's Club Program Chairman Write the Story

Dear Mr. Bassett:

Will you please give the meeting of The Carmel Woman's Club, of January 6th, 1941 (Monday at 2:30 P.M.), as much publicity as you can.

The place—"The Playhouse." Tickets can be purchased there or from club members by the public.

Members admitted free upon presentation of their membership cards.

The program, by the Lindeman Sisters, who give gay and colorful dances and songs of The Villages of Old Mexico.

They are professionals and charming (I hope you won't miss

them yourself).

They make you forget the weather, the war, and all unpleasant things at least for an hour.

Last fall they were in Hollywood for a picture company, then went to Mexico, returned just in time to go to Yosemite where they have been performing for the Ahwahnee Hotel—(these holidays).

Your reporter can obtain more publicity if desired from Mrs. Janice Otto.

Thank you—sincerely,
—DOT HALWARD
(program chairman)
December 29.

Valley Lecture Next Friday, January 10

Lorita Baker Valley will be back again with new lectures on world affairs and current literature filled with all the latest important news and interviews which she has collected in Canada, Washington and New York during her two month travels. Next Friday, Jan. 10, at 3 o'clock in the auditorium of the Hotel Dei Monte, Kit Whitman will again present Mrs. Valley in the first of the five remaining scheduled lectures.

Her Peninsula following will welcome her back, as Mrs. Valley won high acclaim in the two

lectures which she made in October and November, distinguishing herself as an interesting and well-informed commentator on world affairs. On her trip she hoped to get a much closer insight into national events which would supply her with new and stimulating material of current interest for her lectures of 1941.

Following the lecture January 10, tea will be served as usual in the main lounge of the hotel where Mrs. Valley will meet those who might wish to discuss her lecture with her.

Since there will be an Army Ladies' Luncheon held at Dei Monte on the same day, Mrs. Whitman hopes that as many as possible will be able to attend the lecture following the luncheon, in addition to those officers, wives already taking the course.

IDENTITY OF PERSONS DEPOSITING MEAT CONTAINING STRYCHNINE ON SCENIC DRIVE BELIEVED TO HAVE BEEN ESTABLISHED

Carmel police believe that they are on the trail of the inhuman beings who have been placing pieces of meat, loaded with strychnine, at various places near Tenth and Scenic Drive during the last week.

On two occasions meat, in the form of pieces of steak and hamburger balls, and on paper containers, have been discovered behind trees along the Drive. It has been so placed that it was not visible from the street, but in such locations that it could be readily found by

The meat, definitely placed for the purpose of poisoning dogs, was discovered by W. H. Ringe who reported to the police. Policeman Leslie Overhulse

gathered in the poisoned food and an analysis proved that it contained strychnine. After three or four of the wads of meat were discovered and removed, two others were placed in the same places within two hours.

Under the direction of Acting Chief Roy Fraties the police got to work on the case and it is believed now that the persons guilty of the attempted dog poisonings have been identified. A close watch is being kept in the vicinity and in the meantime, before a probable arrest is made, dog owners are warned to keep their dogs away from that vicinity.

If You Don't Want Another Garage On Ocean Avenue, Sign This Petition and Mail It To Us

The city council meets next Wednesday night. At that time it may receive from the owners of Block 68 at Ocean Avenue and Junipero street a petition which will call a public hearing on the matter of transferring the property from business zone 1 to business zone 2. If such a change is made the owners of the property intend to lease it to an automobile agency which will build a garage thereon with a service station on Junipero opposite the city park.

The property owners must present a petition signed by the owners of more than 50 per cent of the property within a radius of 400 feet from block 68. That

is, in order to compel the council to call a public hearing in the matter, they must.

But even if they do get sufficient signatures of approval from adjacent property owners it doesn't mean that the city council must approve the application and make the zone change. The council may do as it decides is best.

The council is not in favor of this change. It will probably deny the application. But it will act with more pleasure and with better grace if it knows the people are behind it. The petition printed below is being signed by hundreds of Carmel citizens. But we need more signatures. We need all we can get. The council is looking to us to provide a staunch bulwark for its decision in the matter.

Sign this and send it in, or sign the petition at THE CYMBAL office, or at Tilly Polak's shop, or one of those in the hands of General D. W. Hand, Mrs. Perry Newberry and Miss Edna Owings. Or stop THE CYMBAL editor on the street and sign the one he carries in his pocket.

To the HONORABLE MAYOR and
CITY COUNCIL of CARMEL-BY-THE-SEA:

We, the undersigned property owners, taxpayers and residents of the City of Carmel-by-the-Sea, wish herewith to express our objection to a change in the zoning law as requested by the owners of Block 68 in Carmel-by-the-Sea.

We object to this change because it would result in a policy of so-called "spot zoning," which has destroyed the most desirable zoning principle in every city where it has been practiced.

We are also most emphatically against the purpose of the owners of this property in requesting a change in the zone law—to wit: the leasing of the said property for the proposed construction of a garage at the corner of Junipero street and Ocean Avenue and the establishment of a service station on Junipero street opposite our City Park.

We are heartily in favor of the present zoning law which prevents the establishment of another garage on our main business street, and, as citizens of this city, we respectfully request that you deny the application of the owners of Block 68.

THE CYMBAL does not expire until February of 1941, I understand that it is still possible for me to renew it for \$1.00 now. If this is the case, will you kindly renew my subscription for another year. I enclose herewith my check for \$1.

I should like to mention that my husband and I, as a couple of homesick ex-Carmelites, enjoy THE CYMBAL doubly. We both grew up in Carmel and know how completely the spirit of that place is expressed by your paper. We wish you all possible success in the New Year in your fight to keep that spirit alive.

Very truly yours,

Mrs. R. D. Kennedy
Fresno, Dec. 29.

Personalities & Personals

Peggy Clappett was glimpsed every once in a while as she went in and out of the Open Houses seeing all of her old friends during New Year's week. Peggy and her daughter, Milancy Smith, both came down to visit with Mrs. F. W. Clappett for a few days. Milancy goes to the University of California.

The Gene Marble ranch was teeming with visitors over the holidays. Helping to make it all a very merry, but mad Christmas were Mr. and Mrs. Bud Marble, Mr. and Mrs. Stuart Marble and Mr. and Mrs. John Rockwell. John and his wife left for Berkeley shortly after Christmas, so they missed the big New Year's Eve doings.

Mrs. Joseph Hooper had her granddaughter, Barbara Moore and two of Barbara's friends, Richard Culver and Benson Schuler of San Francisco, as her guests over the holidays.

A party of about 25 Carmel people gathered to see the New Year in at a no-host affair at the Carr residence on San Antonio which was, according to all those present, very, very, nice.

Mr. and Mrs. Dudley Carter and their daughter, Mavis, have recently returned from a six months trip in British Columbia. Mr. Carter motored up and joined his wife and daughter late in the summer after selling two of his large redwood wood-carvings at the San Francisco Exposition, one of which will be placed in the Rhododendron Garden in Golden Gate Park and the other will go to the Junior Girl's College in San Francisco. The Carters will be in Carmel for only a short time now before leaving for a visit in Arizona.

Lt. and Mrs. J. D. Donlon will leave January 24 to be stationed in the Philippine Islands. Lt. and Mrs. Donlon have been living in Carmel for the last three or four months while Lt. Donlon has been receiving his orders from Fort Ord.

Tessa Dean Blasingame was down from San Francisco during the holidays to visit her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Lansing Bailey.

Mrs. Martin Flavin returned from Yosemite late last Tuesday just in time for New Year's Eve after spending a week indulging in winter sports with her two newly acquired step-sons, Martin and Sean.

Bud Brownell and Buck Henniken drove down to join in the rooting at the 21-13 Stanford-

Here Is Something That Ladies And Smart Young Men Should Read

In the magazine *Look*, at which we look whenever we look into Walt's Dairy to get a mocha, we found this week two most interesting pages. We intend to quote what is printed on those pages, ignoring the possibility that *Look* is copyrighted. We feel that if it does such a fine thing as this it should be proud to have even as ordinary a newspaper as THE CYMBAL pay it a compliment by re-printing its stuff.

One page is taken up to an extent of three-quarters of it by a photograph of a "lady" who is saying "What! ME learn manners from a truck driver?" And under it appears this:

Yes, lady, we know you were well brought up. You say "Please" and "Thank you" and use the right fork and write the nicest bread-and-butter letters. But when it comes to your conduct while driving, you most definitely could learn manners from a truck driver.

Truck drivers are exceptionally good drivers. They keep on their side of the road, they don't go at fantastic speeds, they practice that fundamental rule of democracy and good breeding: Give the other fellow a break.

Nebraska Rose Bowl tilt. They drove home right after the game and picking up a few hours sleep in Carmel early Thursday morning, Bud moved on to register for his second quarter at Stanford.

After a successful lecture tour Langston Hughes, well-known negro poet, has once more returned to be the guest of Noel Sullivan at his Hollow Hills Farm in the Carmel Valley.

Following the matinee performance of "The Thief of Bagdad" on New Year's day Mr. and Mrs. Edward G. Kuster opened wide the doors of the Green Room and served Tom and Jerries in front of a nice big fire.

Re-alignment of a bridge on U. S. Highway 101 at Sargent, near Gilroy, is underway and a dangerous turn is being eliminated, according to the San Jose office of the National Automobile Club.

CYMBAL WANT ADS go places, see people and do things—to 'em.

Which is more than can be said for many of our nicest ladies and gentlemen. A strange transformation takes place when they sit behind a steering wheel. They ignore the comfort of friends riding with them. They disdain the rights of people on foot. They yell boorishly at drivers who displease them.

Many who wouldn't touch a nickel that belonged to someone else flaunt all law and order when behind a steering wheel, with the callousness of experienced criminals.

So mend your manners and become a good citizen even when driving. It may save your life.

Three-quarters of the next page is a photograph of a girl, a healthy-looking American girl of about 17 or 18 years of age. She is writing a letter. Here's the letter:

"Dear Bill:

"I don't think I care to go out with you again.

"Most of last evening was wonderful, Bill. But the drive home spoiled everything.

"You behaved so nicely and acted so considerably up till the minute you got your hands on

OUR AD MAN BROUGHT THIS IN; TRIED TO MAKE US BELIEVE IT

A mysterious stranger stopper in at Fortier's Drug Store the other day, bought a package of cigarets, a one cent stamp and took one piece of MacFarlane's bulk candy.

"How much?" he asked.

"Fourteen cents for the cigarets, one cent for the stamp, and seven-eighths of an ounce of candy at twenty-nine cents a pound. You figure it out," said Fortier.

Whereupon the mysterious stranger pulled a slide rule out of his pocket, worked the gadget and replied, "One cent and fifty-eight hundredths mills."

A compromise was effected.

Mr. and Mrs. Samuel E. Wood of Berkeley have been visiting Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Wood at their Carmel home during the Christmas holidays. Young Wood is a research assistant in the Bureau of Public Administration at the University of California, a department which trains students specifically for public service.

IN CARMEL Everybody Reads THE CYMBAL.

Money Placed With Us On Or Before

January Tenth

Will Bear Interest From January First

3 1-2 Paid

Carmel Building & Loan Association
Ocean Avenue

Monte Verde at 8th—Shows at 7 & 9 P. M.—Sat. & Sun. Mat. 2:30

ENGAGEMENT EXTENDED!—See It Tonight, Tomorrow, Sun.!

Alexander Korda presents

THE THIEF OF BAGDAD

in Magic Technicolor!

the wheel and we headed home. Then you suddenly were transformed into what seemed to me a bad-mannered and irresponsible gorilla.

"You yelled at people who had just as much right on the road as you. You disregarded white lines and signs put there for your own safety. You scared my wits out going at an absurd speed.

"That might have been considered smart once upon a time, but I assure you it's silly and childish today. Call me stuffy and prudish if you like. But I don't relish dying quite yet.

"Nor do I want to get in a non-fatal accident. I have sense enough to realize that you and the rest of the boys wouldn't be ringing my phone if my face and body were inexpertly rearranged by a smash-up in your automobile.

"So I don't think I'll go out with you again, Bill. At least not

until you've grown up enough to behave decently as a driver, and not until you realize that you owe a certain responsibility to the person you ask to share your car with you."

THE NEW, AMAZING
1941
KIMBALL PIANOS
NOW ON EXHIBITION

Philco and
RCA Victor Radios

Abinante

Palace Music Store

425 Alvarado Street
Monterey

"Home of the Steinway"
Pianos for Rent

M. J. Murphy, Inc.

IF IT CAN BE FINANCED,
WE CAN DO IT

Everything to Build a Home

TELEPHONE MONTEREY 3191 or CARMEL 154

"For heaven's sake," said the master's suit, "why don't you take my word for it, and let me be cleaned where I am best treated." It's at the

Carmel Cleaners

Telephone 242
Dolores Street

It's 1941 Now!

Don't Forget

—to date your checks, letters and papers 1941.

—and don't forget that you can buy Stroock Sport Coats, Dobbs Hats, Worsted-tex Suits, Manhattan Shirts and other fine men's clothing at sensible prices in this modern store.

Charmak & Chandler
Of Carmel

WATCH FOR
Meagher & Co.

Annual
Clearance

SALE

Drastic Reductions

Big Savings

See Our Windows — Visit Our Store

The Carmel Cymbal

Your Christmas Cards Can Make Others Happy

The short life of those pretty greeting cards which you have had sitting on your mantels or piled in heaps on your living-room tables for the last few weeks, is ended and you think what a pity it is that such gay and cheery things covered with Santas and cherubs and Scotties should end up so humbly in the fire or in the wastepaper basket. But now, at long last, comes a use for Christmas cards after Christmas is all over and the stars and tinsel have been packed away for another year—Muriel Townsend, who is confined to her home at 857 Grace street, New Monterey, makes up cheery scrapbooks which are sent to patients in the Monterey County hospital, to shut-ins or to Community Center children.

Already Miss Townsend has received many cards, but says that she can still use lots more of them and asks for them to be left either at her home or in boxes provided for that purpose at the Poppy Candy Store, the Adobe Gift Shop, Bartell's book store at 180 Del Monte avenue in Monterey or at Holman's store in Pacific Grove.

The cards can be used with or without the signatures cut off, so pack your happy-looking cards into a box and save them from their usual fate—allowing them to be a pleasure all the year rather than just for a few paltry weeks.

MIDNIGHT MASS AT MISSION NEW YEARS

The Solemn High Mass was celebrated at midnight Christmas Eve in Carmel Mission. The altar was lavishly decorated with greens and poinsettias. Tall white candles cast a warm glow over the gold vestments worn by the celebrants in honor of the Nativity.

Before the mass the choir sang Christmas carols. Father Carlos Rossini's *Missa orbis Factor* was beautifully interpreted by the Mission choir.

Father Michael D. O'Connell, unable to officiate at the Christmas masses because of a severe attack of flu, is now recovering nicely.

The next Altar Society meeting will be held in Crespi Hall, Thursday, Jan. 9 at 2 o'clock.

January 3 will be the First Friday of the month. The usual communion breakfast for the children of the parish will be served in Crespi Hall immediately following the 7:30 mass.

HOW NICE TO GET SOME CHRISTMAS CARDS NEXT SPRING

He showed us a Christmas card postmarked "December 22, Carmel."

The day he pulled the Christmas card postmarked "December 22, Carmel" out of his box was January 2, Carmel.

He was mad. He wasn't only mad, he was downright furious. He thought he should have gotten that card a whole lot sooner. But we weren't mad, we were happy.

We were thinking about how much fun Spring was going to be with all of our Christmas cards coming in.

Carmel Is Seen Through Last Stages of Old Year by Libby Ley Danysh

It was Abou Ben Adhem who woke (naturally) to the "great awakening light," wasn't it.

You may call us Abou after this. Libby Ley Danysh burst into a somnolent CYMBAL office on New Year's Day. We've been excited ever since it happened. We wish she'd go away. We wish she would, now that she left some scribbled sheets with us. We have deciphered them. They indicate that, incredible as it may seem, Libby wiped her hands of San Francisco and came down here to go out with Carmel on the eve of the glad (or mad) New Year. Here they are. Libby thinks they'll appear merely under her old column heading "Carmel Capers," which was a regular weekly bombshell in THE CYMBAL up until two years ago when she departed these parts. Here they are—Oh, by the way, we should inform you that Libby's book of poems, "Deny the Day" can be bought now in Carmel—at the Village Book Shop in the Seven Arts Building. Now, once again, here's Libby on getting the old year out of the way:

We deplore chronological rejoicing; synthetic celebration, and all forms of gaiety based on anything less than spontaneous and absolutely illogical joy in being sentient.

Therefore it is difficult to register anything but irritation and rebellion at this accepted idea that the 31st of December at precisely midnight must be a time at which, whatever the state of our innards, amorous life, or general chemistry of being, we must suddenly laugh uproariously from beneath ridiculously unbecoming paper hats and make every manner of loud noise denoting irrepressible joy at the coming of a new and frighteningly unpredictable New Year.

At two minutes to midnight, Willard Whitney conscientiously passed out various din-making implements and we all made what generally passed for joyous noises.

The Mission Ranch Club, which in a previous incarnation harbored the elegantly equine Mrs. Phelps, was filled with people trampling almost perfect strangers under foot and spilling drinks down the décolletages of ladies to whom they had been barely presented.

Del Monte had put away everything edible and potable by two-thirty of the year 1941. Harry presided imperturbably behind an empty bar and informed us that even on New Year's Eve there were no drinks after two.

The Dormody Medicos and Mr. and Mrs. Fred Godwin represented Carmel Peninsula Society, the usual plethora of lettuce growers represented outlying districts. We observed the inevitable old ladies recapturing their unfulfilled youth with more exuberance than grace.

We found that respectability had crept like a pall upon our old companions of several years ago.

There was Marcy Brennan, whose cyclonic advent into Carmel we well remember. Marcy was ever eager, ever expectant and seldom disappointed. Now we see Marcy chastened indeed and coping valiantly with the combined inroads of paternity, domesticity and flu.

While walking through one of Carmel's characteristic little flag-stone alleys, we came upon Jon Konigshofer, another burnt (if not burnt-out) offering to the Goddess of the Hearth.

One practically hears the beat

of drums and the blare of bugles upon encountering Bill Nye, Carmel's most military one-man battalion!

Nice work if you can get it—Does this apply also to Betty? Without insisting on an answer we extend congratulations to Bill Balentine.

The first party of the 1941 set a high standard and was given by Edith Greenan in her enormously charming house on the hill. Students of the ancient art of hospitality would do well to observe Edith.

A man not to be trifled with is one Elmer Cox, particularly when he has the whole Stanford team behind him—We hope our good friend Bob Smith will soon discover that the side to be on is Elmer's.

It isn't that "we just couldn't say good-bye"—We started saying good-bye day before yesterday. But isn't this beautiful Carmel a terribly hard place to leave!

—LIBBY LEY DANYSH

MORE ON THE JEAN COWEN-WARREN TRABANT 1940 CHRISTMAS CARD

Member our telling you about the Trabant Christmas card this season. Well, there was a drawing on it, and the following is the Jean Cowen-Warren Trabant explanation of it:

"Forsaking rhyme we would like to explain the sketch about. It was drawn by Dick Carter, a young commercial artist of California now in New York. The base, which forms a T is merely an initial representing our last name, the house, though not accurate, in a sketchy way represents ours, and the signs on either side at the bottom give the street and number. The cloud suggests our position, 'in the clouds' or heavenly and the two characters holding the banner are, you guessed it . . . us.

Filipinos Form Community Group

Formation of the Filipino Community of the Monterey Peninsula is announced to us through a communication from Rufino Cabebe. He sets forth most laudable reasons for an organization of Filipinos here. We give you the communication as he submitted it to us:

"Never before has there been a great interest among the Filipinos of the Monterey Peninsula to partake in any civic activity of the community. Because we don't believe that man should live separately from his kind but should be impelled to come together and live in groups we desire to form a Community of our own with the desire to share and participate with others in the fortunes and misfortunes of life.

"The purpose of this newly-

formed Filipino Community is to train ourselves in civic matters relating to community affairs; to practice what we have learned in American schools or, in other words, to cope with the community problems surrounding us."

+ + +

BILL WHITE RETURNING

A telegram has been received from Bill White that he is in Oregon, has been ill and is returning to Carmel within the next few days.

RADIO TROUBLE?

Telephone now. Service calls to your house. Minimum charges.

LIAL'S MUSIC SHOP
Dolores Street Phone 314

KIT WHITMAN PRESENTS—

LORITA BAKER VALLELY

Distinguished Commentator on
World Affairs and Current Literature

FRIDAY, JANUARY 10, 3 P. M.

TICKETS FOR THIS AND REMAINING
4 LECTURES ON FEB. 14, MARCH 14, APR. 11
MAY 9—\$4.20
SINGLE LECTURES—\$1.10

On sale at Carmel Art Institute, Tels. 1222 and 618
Or at Lecture

Greater January Sales

46 Departments

Every One Crammed With

VALUES!

STOCK UP AND SAVE IN JANUARY

S. & H. Stamps
Too!

HOLMAN'S

Everybody FLY . . . with Alton Walker & Fred Kane 2 Days Only

AIRPLANE RIDES

OVER MONTEREY

SATURDAY & SUNDAY

2 Days Only — 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.

27 PASSENGER

Boeing Airliner

Monterey Airport

50^c

Short Rides

Longer Rides Over Fort Ord
75c and \$1.00

Rags Wanted!

Will pay 4½c per pound for good clean laundered rags. Must be free of soil and gritty substances. No rayons, overalls or canvas accepted. CYMBAL PRESS.

The Carmel Cymbal
ESTABLISHED MAY 11, 1926

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W. K. BASSETT, EDITOR

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Del Monte Hotel Newsstand
McKey's Newsstand, Monterey
Groves Pharmacy, Pacific Grove

One man with courage is a majority.

Carmel Tides

	HIGH	LOW	
3	3:00a 4.5	8:42a 2.3	
	2:11p 3.2	8:31p 0.7	
4	3:45a 4.5	9:58a 2.1	
	3:21p 3.4	9:17p 1.2	
5	4:28a 4.6	11:09a 1.7	
	4:44p 3.1	10:07p 1.6	
6	5:12a 4.7	12:08p 1.3	
	6:07p 3.1	11:00p 2.0	
7	5:53a 4.8	12:57p 0.9	
	7:18p 3.2	11:51p 2.2	
8	6:32a 4.9	1:39p 0.5	
	8:16p 3.4		
	LOW	HIGH	
9	0:41a 2.3	7:11a 5.0	
	2:17p 0.2	9:04p 3.6	
10	1:27a 2.4	7:48a 5.1	
	2:52p -0.2	9:47p 3.8	

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OPERA IN BRIEF SERIES CONTINUES FOR WINTER

Fulfilling the promise made several weeks ago to return the first Friday in January, the Opera in Brief series will start at 4 o'clock this afternoon at the Carmel Playhouse and will continue to meet each Friday until the close of the opera season. These readings, to be given by Anna Grant Dall, pianist, and John Burr, basso, will be resumes of the operas to be presented by the Metropolitan Opera Company over the radio on Saturdays and are offered in hopes of stimulating a greater comprehension and love of opera.

This afternoon's opera will be Richard Wagner's "Tannhauser" with special stress laid on the leit-motif as developed by this composer. Burr will give a brief lecture on Wagner's life and the history of the opera followed by a synopsis of the opera's story. Miss Dall will play leading motifs on the piano and Burr will sing. *Evening Star*. Each week there will be a guest artist, this week Margaret Sherman Lea, music instructor at Salinas High School, will be here. Phonograph recordings of arias and orchestral parts will also be used as still another means of pointing up the highlights and of familiarizing the audience with the more important parts of the opera.

Admission charges for students up to the eighth grade will be 10 cents; students through college, 25 cents; adults 50 cents.

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State Highway No. 1, the Coast route between San Francisco and Halfmoon Bay, is closed to through traffic, due to two slides caused by the recent rains, reports the touring department of the National Automobile Club.

++

CYMBAL WANT ADS go places, see people and do things—to 'em.

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1940

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Date Sold **12-15-38** Year **1939**

Date Issued **11-7-38** R-38 Vehicle Model **91A**

Serial No. **Same** Tax **2.00** License **7.00**

Licensee **John Doe**
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SEE REVERSE SIDE FOR FURTHER INSTRUCTIONS

LOOK DOWN in that left-hand corner to find out what you have to pay to get a 1941 license plate.

Start of the new year brings automobile license plate time for California's millions of car owners.

The annual period for renewal of registration is January 2 to February 4.

Renewal procedure consists of three simple steps, summarized by the California State Automobile Association as follows:

Look at the 1940 registration card, which should be in the driver's compartment of the car as required by law.

Note the total of fees for 1941 as stated in the lower left hand

corner of the card. This replaces the former postcard notice. The total consists of the \$3 registration fee and the vehicle license fee at the rate of \$1.75 per \$100 of car value.

Take the 1940 card and amount of 1941 fees to any office of the Department of Motor Vehicles or, if a member of the Automobile Association, to any of its 34 offices.

After February 4 delinquent penalties will double the registration fee and add 50 per cent to the vehicle license fee.

Letter to a Dog Poisoner

Have you ever been very, very lonely?

Did you ever stop to think that perhaps the reason there are so many dogs in Carmel might be because there are so many lonely people here? And that one of the reasons why we live here is because there is no busy highway running through the town to endanger their lives, and this quiet little place with its slower tempo gives them a

chance to play in the streets?

Perhaps they are a nuisance sometimes. So is a radio with a station we don't enjoy. Or our neighbor's children having a hilarious time on an evening when we want to read a particularly splendid book. Or the color of a flower planted in their garden, visible from our windows and agonizing to our eyes.

These things must happen in towns where homes are close together. If, however, we can't afford estates, or create happy families to surround us—don't you think a little tolerance and co-operation might make us all a little happier? Might even prevent wars and things?

Please think it over.

—ELEANOR HERRICK

++

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LOOK!
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Special Request Performance
"KING and QUEEN of GAMBLERS"
Western Melodrama with Hilarious Olio
at **FIRST THEATER—Monterey**
Saturday, Jan 4, 8:30 to 11 P. M.
Played by the Troupers of the Gold Coast
Tickets: Staniford's Drug.....Carmel
First Theater and Palace Drug.....Monterey
All seats reserved at 1.10, 55c.

HEALTH REPORT SAYS WE HAVE SIX FLU CASES; MUST MEAN 60

According to the Monterey County Health Department report for the week ending December 28 there are only six cases of flu in Carmel. We can name that many of our friends who have it so they must mean 60. out of fairness we must note that six were probably all who called a doctor which is the only source the county has for this information.

Reported in the county are 40 cases of flu, five chickenpox, one epilepsy, 11 gonorrhea, one measles, three pneumonia, five syphilis and two whooping cough.

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ARMY LADIES LUNCHEON NEXT FRIDAY

All the wives of officers in this vicinity are invited to attend the regular monthly Army Ladies Luncheon which will be held at 12:30 next Friday, Jan. 10, at Del Monte. Reservations may be phoned or mailed to Mrs. C. H. White or Mrs. R. W. Pearson at the Presidio.

There will be bridge following

the luncheon, or those who wish may attend the lecture by Lorita Baker Valley which is scheduled at Del Monte for the same afternoon.

Mrs. White and Mrs. Pearson hope that everyone will come, especially the newcomers who have not attended any of the previous four luncheons.

++

HIGH SEAS DESTROY COMINGS' CRAFT

Sherman Comings' 23-foot two-masted boat, the Tusitala was sacrificed last week on the altar of the spectacle of high seas. She now lies, denuded of masts and auxiliary engine, on the rocks just below the L. B. Dutton home on Kuster Point. The Tusitala was moored in Point Lobos cove and last Friday morning decided to go wandering on the tops of huge waves. She was halfway across from the cove to Kuster Point when sighted from his home by her owner. It was then too late to do anything about it and the craft brought up against the jagged rocks below the Dutton home. There she tore a huge hole in her hull. It is estimated that the loss will be \$1,000.

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A Pleasant Meal
brings forth a pleasant evening...

And of course no meal is complete
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Home made bread that is simply delicious;
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TICE ELECTRICAL SHOP

Clanging Cymbals

(Lynda Sargent continues the story of her visit this last summer to her childhood home at Henniker, N. H.)



That was the maddest day, that Sunday at Fernside, when we all foregathered for the first time in fourteen years. Mad and lovely and filled from beginning to end with the peculiar noisomeness of the Sargents.

Father didn't know there was going to be a party and no one but young Grace knew that I was home. She had telephoned them to come to the farm for dinner because Father wanted them all. Marion had come up the night before and left five big roosters and gone downtown to Mother Connor's for the night. Everything was a mystery. I'll be damned if I know why Marion left five roosters for dinner, my father went about muttering. But I guess he knew all right, for just after breakfast he went in and shaved most carefully and put on his best suit. He did look handsome, too, and stalked about very proud, because he had just realized his role as patriarch and his role as one of the "old characters" of Henniker. He was funny about that; he was telling us one of his stories at breakfast, about some old character in Schoodac Brook District where he was a boy and after he had finished, he looked kind of puzzled for a moment, then he broke into laughter. Well, I'll be damned, he said. All these years I've been telling yarns about the old characters hereabouts, and it's just come to me that here I am, an old character myself.

So then he up and accepted his own nomination by retelling for the millionth time in my memory the tale of how Jabeth Mason got ready for the circus. Jabeth, a neighbor, was courtin' his second wife. She and her mother were to drive by his house early one morning and he was to take them to Concord to the circus. Now, Jabe was one of those Yankees with a flowery tongue and a temper to give it impetus. I can remember him, a strange little man whom I knew as wizzled and old when I was a child and with whom I played a game of croquet at grandmother Sargent's one day, and who got so mad because a child beat him that he flung his mallet into the great oak and it lodged in a crotch and he had to climb up after it with the giggles of all the children stinging his behind. Jabe's land adjoined grandfather's, with Schoodac Brook for boundary. Now and then in the summer when the water was low, Jabe's cows, grazing for the greener grass that always lies over the fence, would waddle through the brook and get into our precious hayfield, and if Jabe had a temper, my grandfather Sargent was especially built for towering wrath.

Well, Jabe had got his cows milked that morning and turned out to pasture. He had got his clothes stripped off, and was standing in his bedroom just lifting his boiled shirt to put over his head onto his naked body, when he saw that his cattle had made straight for our hay. When his girl friend arrived Jabe was streaking it across the road and down after those cows right out peaked, holding his shirt high over his head to clear it from the dewy bush and, according to father, shouting these profanations so the whole

neighborhood could hear: I wisht, he said, I had a dog as big as Kearsarge Mountain, with teeth as long as harrier teeth and sharp as the wrath of God and I'd make Schoodac Brook stink of carrion as hell never stunk of brimstone.

Well, it pleased father tremendously to have come into a new role in life, it was like an actor who has had a great name in his day, staging a comeback. He was at his best. He even told one story I'd never heard. It was about my saintly grandfather Goodwin. He had a bad cold and father, who was visiting there, had fixed him a toddy; much more toddy than a grandfather would ever have made himself. It made him feel better almost immediately and he insisted on going out to help with the evening chores. But just as he got outside, with the milkpail over his arm, he met a plate coming toward him. The bottom of one of grandmother's plates. Grandpa knew when he was licked and crept back into the house and onto the couch. Father had seen it happen; he had seen the dog trying to get at a piece of meat that had frozen fast to the plate and finally, unable to pry it off, trot away to the barn, plate and all.

Marion and her family came first, swooping up into the yard with that peculiar character of dramatic entrance that coming to Fernside in a car always has. Our house stands just at the top of a hill and so you come suddenly into sight with all the uphill speed undiminished and swerve into the driveway. If your car is so you can climb the hill at all, you just have to make a stage entrance.

If you were to say "Marion" to me suddenly, the way you do in psychological tests, instantly I see in my mind's long eye, two little girls on an improvised platform, in the Congregational Church in Henniker. The church is dim and beautiful for Easter, and the little girls, dressed exactly alike in white, and surrounded by pots of easter lilies, are speaking a piece. You would have sworn they were twins and to be sure there was less than a year's difference between them. One is a mite shorter than the other and is holding her older sister's hand in a death grip and keeping her eyes on her older sister's face. Her little voice is a kind of ghost of the other. She is trying with all her might to say it right and in unison, but she lags and falters. It was all about Jesus bearing his cross for little children and it was being rough going for one of these. Then some unchristian member of the congregation tittered. Finishing the piece in one angry rush of words, the older girl steps forward and kicks a pot of lilies with excellent aim at the offender, keeping hold of her sister's hand and dragging her off the stage with tears in her eyes.

But the little girl didn't have

any anger or tears. And that was Marion.

How she and I, so different, have loved each other all these years! But I had no idea she would be so glad to see me. I don't think you ever can believe that people, people with families and divergent interests of their own, give you much thought. But love is the root of all things at Fernside and there was so much of it that day, with one astonished member of the family after another arriving and finding me there, that by evening a great "weariness of joy" had overcome me.

Look at Marion now, for I do not know where you will find her prototype again. Marion is all the magnificent women of New England, taking their last stand against the sin of ungalliness. You have seen her carved on the prows of ships and sculptured in some prairie town with a child in her arms. Aloof, the whole quintessential spirit of dignity, fired with the blessed tolerance that maintains all the order we have in chaos. If Marion had a grief or a shame or any ill, she would stare over its shoulder with her courteous eyes while managing her big house, her children, and indeed the whole community, and loving her husband as God has bid. Her children may never know her quality, for they never knew the derivation of it—they never knew Aunt Sarah and grandmother Sargent, and Aunt Judith Currier and Aunt Joan Trumbull. I cannot imagine into what, in the coming other order of things, the Marions will transmute. There was something of the Olympian goddess in those women, and perhaps they come only as the last flowering of an age.

But here comes Pearle, surrounded by her adoring family, curving up the driveway, her arms filled with a great pot of cooked squash, chattering away in the Sargent fashion as she climbs out of the car, merrily greeting everyone at once, giving quick instructions to her children, running up the lawn with her armful, and stopping suddenly in her tracks at sight of me, letting her mouth fall in amazement until her sunny eyes catch up with her emotions and she drops the pot of squash in pure delight.

God and my mother slipped a piece of sunshine, alloyed with gold and tempered with wit into Pearle's palm. And it will do to pause and consider this woman, too. For she is the woman who, without question or quibbling, has forgotten herself. When she gave up her career and married she performed a sacrament, and for her husband and her children she breaks off pieces of

Business Association Decides Many Store Decorations Were Worth

The announcement of prizes and awards for Christmas decorations by business houses was the result of what must have been a difficult process of weighing and checking, and the Carmel Business Association is grateful for the time given by Mrs. G. W. Stuart, Paul Whitman and Clay Otto in those full hours before Christmas, and for the consideration they spent in making their choice.

But the story cannot be covered by a list of names and awards and we wish to add a few words of sincere appreciation and wonder that business people could, in the midst of working days that lasted for many until midnight, produce in their windows so many beautiful pageants of Christmas. These were not displays of goods to be sold, but pictured stories, told perhaps in the procession of lovely little figures mounting a double flight of steps to view the Christ Child, which we all saw in the window of the Corner Cupboard. Or in the great snowy candle set in holly wreaths in the Del Monte Properties office nearby, a candle that melted miraculously so that it looked like a tower with battlements. Or the line of reindeer with a Santa Claus sleigh, backed by a lovely small Christmas tree in the window where one usually gets a glimpse of Daisy Bostick or Ken Wood "meeting the public."

Mexican Nativity in the window of the Aztec Shop. And those who caught their breath over Tilly Polak's white Christmas tree in the furthest Monte Verde window, should go back and see her seven-branched candlestick—or whatever Tilly may have decided in another moment of inspiration to put there. And

herself like bread and wine, and makes her home her only garland, her only horizon. She is practical and direct and astringent and she personifies the idea of immolation in its original sense: for the act of sacrifice at first was the sprinkling of grits and salt. We laugh at her sometimes—she proudly says she is the only Sargent woman whose husband wears the pants—and call her old-fashioned. But she stands beside Marion against the wall of yesterday. Loveable and without sense of self, if Tomorrow and all the tomorrows came up and challenged Pearle, challenged the things she stands for, there would still be the hint of laughter in her eyes, but her mouth would form that thin impassable line against which there is no such thing as defense.

—LYNDA SARGENT

if they looked across the street at Normandy Inn and did not think—as they had probably thought of other trees already—that here was quite the loveliest Christmas tree in town, then they had more sober heads than most.

And Spencers, and the Der Ling Shop with that window in golden rust, and Shands, and Country Shop with its red and white Christmas gown and the tree to match. And those little jewel like places on Lincoln street.

But no one wants a roll call—least of all the ones who would be on it. Those whose work brought them awards and mention from the judges deserved tokens. All of them, mentioned or not, who brought beauty and the Christmas spirit into their holiday work, did so first of all, because this was their joy. For that spirit, and for those who expressed it so wholeheartedly, we voice our very deep gratitude.

—CARMEL BUSINESS ASSOCIATION
By C. Daniels, Secretary.

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9:15	9:40
10:15	10:40
10:55	11:20
12:05 P.M.	12:25 P.M.
12:50	1:30
2:00	2:30
2:45	3:20
4:00	4:30
5:05	5:30
6:05	6:55
7:20	7:40
8:40	9:30
10:45 P.M.	11:00 P.M.

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The Constant Eater

Wasn't there a movement started to have all the national holidays celebrated on the nearest Monday? I don't know how the general public feels but I'll bet the wives of editors and publishers of weekly newspapers are strong for it!

Take Christmas and New Year as it came this time, for instance. Wednesday, of all days! The day before THE CYMBAL goes to press; the day which must see at least twenty galleys of type all set by the end of it; the day on which most of the latest news stories must be written; the day in which the bulk of the ads must be put into shape—O yes, Wednesday is a swell day for one particular little bewhiskered editor (his own words, don't credit me) to loll around in the home easy chair! He did stop long enough Christmas Eve to attend the family tree-and-gift festivities and gather in the presents tagged with his name. (The *Youngest Constant Eater* was hilariously derisive on the subject of those presents, by the way. "Two four-in-hand ties—and he won't wear anything but bow-ties! After-shaving talcum powder—and he doesn't shave! A picnic grill—and he works three-quarters of the time and sleeps the other quarter! Bath mits—O cripe, the editor of THE CYMBAL with bath mits! Boy, what a Christmas!")

What a Christmas indeed. Well, even if he did spend most of Wednesday in the usual place working hard he left it all behind in the evening and took a magic carpet trip with his family to Bagdad and Basra. Swell picture, that "Thief of Bagdad."

Well, and next year Christmas and New Year will fall on Thursday which will make just two duplicates of what Thanksgiving always does to our weekly routine. And the year after that—skip it! Who wants to look that far ahead—except one of our subscribers who advanced his CYMBAL subscription four years the other day. There's a heartwarming faith in our steady progress and existence for you!

Something frivolous,
Something to eat,
Something useful—

If only "read ended in 't' everything would be fine, because Christmas wouldn't be Christmas without at least one book. And a really satisfactory Christmas includes something from every one of the other three groups. I had them all! The "something to eat," since this is a column "about food sometimes," I must tell you consisted of a great big beautiful plum pudding, a work of art concocted by the same skilful hands that did such a swell job on the costumes for the "King and Queen of Gamblers." It also consisted of a tiny little plum pudding which came from a niece across the country and was also a work of art—in a little glass dish with a design of nuts on top and protected by a lace paper border and cellophane.

Some people think having a birthday five days after Christmas is in the nature of a calamity. But I don't think so. Instead of that blank feeling after the Christmas excitement and gifts, when you drop back down to the flatness of nothing else to look forward to for long months, you stay up slightly higher than the rest of the birthday-less mortals around you and think, "Well, I still have my birthday to look forward and use as an

excuse for a little more celebrating and another break in the routine of work."

As it happens, I'm writing this on my birthday and having written the above I pause to wonder whether it's going to serve as an excuse for a "little more celebrating and another break in the routine of work" after all! I got up this morning and announced my intention of celebrating by spending a completely selfish day. Well...er...so far I've gotten breakfast and made the beds and cleaned up the house and now I'm writing my column. If that's any different from any other Monday—you tell me! But—I guess you can find a layer of selfishness down under all that, even so. If the family went hungry and if the house stayed in a mess, just how comfortable would I be? And if I didn't write my column today it would make things harder at THE CYMBAL end of the family—and I have a quite selfish inclination to prevent that as much as possible!

Well, it's still early in the day and as soon as I finish this I'll probably think up a lot of nice selfish things to celebrate by doing. Oh well, I mean, after I've washed some socks for the *Youngest Constant Eater* and cut all the left-over meat from the leg of lamb and made it into a casserole dish for dinner.

After that, I'm going to make myself a birthday cake, I think, and make it entirely to my own taste, and the rest of the family can take it or leave it! And here's my recipe, which will take care of my promise to have at least one recipe each week. This is a nut cake, but I'm going to give it a special extra touch of elegance by adding a bag of those convenient and delicious little Nestlé semi-sweet chocolate ready-to-use morsels.

Ingredients: ½ cup butter, 1 cup sugar, 3 egg yolks, ½ cup milk, ¾ cup flour, 2½ tsp. baking powder, 2 egg whites beaten stiff, ¾ cup cut up walnut meats; ½ tsp. lemon extract. Directions: Cream butter and sugar; add egg yolks. Add flour, sifted with baking powder, alternately with milk; fold in egg whites and add flavoring, nuts and chocolate. Bake 45 min. in moderate oven (350 degrees F.) and use extra white of egg for making frosting.

That's my idea of a good cake, birthday or no birthday! And no candles, unless somebody else in the family wants to put them on. So long!

—D. C.

P.S.—Look what I just received!

To a relative whose birthday is Dec. 30th!
This is no time for birthdays,
When everything is phooey—
So no more "Love and Greetings,"
Just curses, hisses, hooley.

(Special curse for this case.)
Your coffee cream just slightly turned,
Your stockings full of runs,
A moth twist you and reading-lamp,
And beach sand in your buns!

I can't encourage birthdays
At this time of the year,
So get along as best you can
Without my love, Old Dear.

I'm not naming any names but the relative-in-law who wrote the above bit of so-called humor sometimes gets my mail and I hers because of a slight similarity in our names.

—D. C.

CARMEL CONTRIBUTORS AID FUND TO BUY TRACT FOR FORT ORD

Purchase of the Reynolds Tract for the Fort Ord project, to be effected through a grant from the board of supervisors, assisted by voluntary contributions, won support from Carmel citizens in the amount of \$1300, now turned over to the central committee in Monterey.

Contributors to the Carmel fund were Carmel Bakery, A. M. Watson, Joe Oliviera, Walter Pilot, Earl Graft, Peter Burk, Victor Graham, E. H. Ewig, J. Weaver Kitchen, Keith Evans, Robert Norton, Elizabeth White, George A. Crone, Bank of Carmel, Monterey County Trust and Savings Bank, Mabel C. Sampson, Gail Chandler, Carmel Business Association, James C. Doud, Kenneth Wood, Daisy Bostick, C. H. Blewett, Shelburn Robison, Severns Radio Service, Lawrence Gentry, Carl S. Rohr, Frederick M. Godwin, Kip Silvey, Harold Nielsen, George J. Fortier, De Loe's, Byington Ford (for the Carmel Realty Company), Miles Bain, Fred McIndoe, Hugh Comstock, F. A. Wermuth, M. J. Murphy, Carl Daniels, James H. Thoburn, Harrison Godwin, Anonymous, and the A.D.H. Company.

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TOWN HALL GROUP TO DISCUSS DEMOCRACY

"America's Town Hall of the Air" will discuss during all of the month of January, various topics having to do with democracy. For the coming week the discussion will be "How Essential is Religion to Democracy?" The Carmel Town Hall discussion group will meet again this coming Thursday evening at De Loe's Restaurant, where it will have its usual good dinner at small cost, listen to the radio discussion and then carry on for an hour or so on the same topic under the leadership of D. C. Lockwood. The group welcomes anyone who is interested. It is an activity of the Carmel Adult School.

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MRS. JOSEPH SMITH DIES AT HER HOME HERE

Mrs. Elinor Smith died suddenly a week ago Thursday evening, Dec. 26, following a brief illness. Born in England in 1902, Mrs. Smith was the wife of the late Joseph Smith, artist, and had lived in Carmel for a number of years.

She leaves two daughters, Dorothy, 19, and Jaqueline, 7, and two young sons, David, 8, and Robin, 4. Also surviving her are a sister and brother, Mrs. F. D. McMullen of Berkeley and J. L. Wood of San Francisco.

Private funeral services were held Saturday at the Freeman-Rancadore Chapel in Monterey.

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RADIANA PAZMOR TO SING FOR MUSICAL ART CLUB

The next meeting of the Musical Art Club will be held on Monday, Jan. 27, at the Copper Cup Room in Del Monte. A program will be provided by Radiana Pazmor.

The meeting will be open only to members. However, those wishing to become members before the next meeting may send their names to Box 405, Monterey.

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AT 3:00 O'CLOCK

IN SUNSET SCHOOL AUDITORIUM, CARMEL
SAN CARLOS & EIGHTH

THE PUBLIC IS CORDIALLY INVITED TO ATTEND

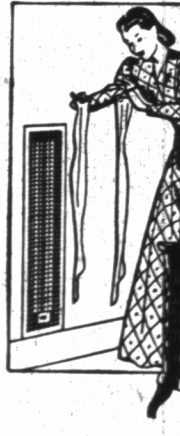
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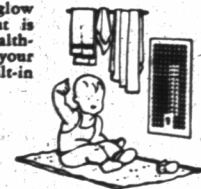
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DOG DAYS --- AND NIGHTS



By JESSIE JOAN BROWN

In memory of my little dog, *Quatro*, who was killed by a speeding car on Christmas Day, I quote these lines from Don Blanding's poem, "Carmel-by-the-Sea":

*The streets are where the children play,
And the cats and the dogs
and the shy brown quail.*

Among the interesting holiday visitors was *Punky Ripley*, who was here with her mistress, Mrs. George Ripley, for Christmas. *Punky* is a beautiful brunette whose home is in Hercules. She was simply intrigued with Carmel, and quite fascinated with the ocean which put on a very spectacular show for her benefit.

Punky's escort while she was here was that dashing young man-about-the-village, *Ginger-Ale*, protégé of Lt. H. K. Howell. *Ginger-Ale* wore a bunch of Christmas bells on his collar, so he and *Punky* jingled merrily as they took in the sights of the village.

Clipper Walker was the proud and happy recipient of six little bundles from Heaven. She is sooo happy!

Clipper and her master and mistress, Mr. and Mrs. Alton Walker, are very much interested in airplanes and such, and are trying to think up six aeronautical names for the new arrivals. Happy landing!

A charming addition to the Cocker Spaniel set is a lovely newcomer, *Judy Gibson*. She is making her home here with her master and mistress, Mr. and Mrs. B. H. Gibson.

Judy is a blonde and has no trouble at all making friends wherever she goes. She thinks Carmel is delightful, and judging from the number of friends she has made here already, the feeling seems to be mutual.

Warning to Beach Strollers! Do not eat meat or other tidbits you may find on the beach or along Scenic Drive cliffs—it may be poisoned!

Poisoned meat has been found under two cypress trees on Scenic Drive where it had been put by some dispicable human to tempt an unsuspecting dog. Fortunately it was discovered before it had done any harm. So be on the look-out!

CHRISTIAN SCIENCE SERVICES

"God" will be the subject of the Lesson-Sermon Sunday, January 5, in all Churches of Christ, Scientist, branches of The Mother Church, The First Church of Christ, Scientist, in Boston, Mass.

The Golden Text will be: "Praise waiteth for thee, O God, in Zion: and unto thee shall the vow be performed. O thou that hearest prayer, unto thee shall all flesh come" (Psalms 65: 1, 2).

ALL SAINTS' SERVICES

At the All Saint's Church next Sunday the service of the Holy Communion will be held at 8 a.m. and at 9:30 the Church School will meet. At 11 there will be Choral Service with a sermon by the Rector, the Rev. C. J. Hulsewé. Arch Leonard will sing the offertory solo, *The Voice in the Wilderness* by J. P. Scott. The full vested choir will sing Gounod's *Agnus Dei* and organ selections will include the *Prelude in F* and a Postlude by Lemmens.

Anne Greene-Adolph Teichert Give Delightful Recital on Eve of Departure for Advanced Study

True to tradition, Anne Greene and Adolph Teichert, presenting a joint piano recital at the Greene Studio last Saturday evening, each opened with J. S. Bach. The way I feel about Bach, it should be completely impersonal, should have the precision and unimpassioned beauty of a great machine. It is after the sound pattern has been formed that the miracle of Bach takes place for its listeners, a spiritual lift that I wouldn't presume to analyze but am content to accept. Anne and Adolph, their moment arrived, their audience waiting, could hardly be impersonal about it, feeling the slight nervousness and trepidation that any but the most hardened and experienced artist would feel. But, after all, they had to start in with something and Bach seems to be it.

Anne never looked so beautiful. She is slimmer. She wore a long pleated skirt of white wool and a white wool jacket, quilted in gold, I believe.

As Teichert sat at the piano preparing for the first onslaught on the long and lovely Beethoven *Sonata quasi una Fantasia, Opus 27*, we knew that Beethoven means perhaps more to this young musician than any other composer. His approach was elegant, dignified and reverent. As the sonata developed and displayed the variety of color and depth that makes Beethoven one of the greatest of them all, we all realized that Teichert was an eloquent performer. He fussed off the most formidable passages with impetuous delivery and complete command.

The group of four Brahms *Intermezzos* played by Miss Greene came next on the program. Applause which heretofore had been restrained until the end of each group burst after the close of the third number, the brilliant *C Major*. This musician has developed such a beautiful control that even the most delicate and *pianissimo* of phrasing appearing suddenly in the midst of fiery and passionate passages were given exactly the right degree of inflection. After the beautiful *E-flat minor* the applause demanded an encore and we were graciously given the Prokofieff *Marche* from "The Love of Three Oranges," played with a fine exhilaration and abandon.

The Ravel group came after the intermission and here we had Anne Greene again. Although there were a few fuzzy spots in both the *Menuet* and the *Rigaudon* from "Le Tombeau de Couperin," and, in fact, a passage or two got away from her for a moment, the *Ondine* from "Gaspard de la Nuit" quickened our knowledge that Miss Greene's playing is adult and powered by an unflagging musical spirit.

Retreating from the modern, Teichert closed the program with a group of Chopin *Etudes*. The somnolent and familiar *E major, Opus 10* warmed our sympathy, and the fiery *C minor, Opus 10* brought forth tremendous response from his listeners. First encore was the brilliantly brief impact of the Chopin *G-minor Prelude* followed by *The Miller's Dance* of De Falla from "The Three Corners

Hat." The gesture of utter weariness with which Teichert preceded his decision to play another encore had better be cut out completely. If he'd really meant it he never could have played the De Falla thing with so much zest and enjoyment. Artists all seem to enjoy their encores more than the set numbers on their programs and this final burst from Teichert was blazing virtuosity and thrilling execution, a fitting end to an evening of most satisfying piano music.

I like such evenings. I liked the audience. We left in a soft rain, the lush growing smells of Carmel pungent in the night, and we felt that the old Carmel was not dead or gone forever.

—MARJORIE WARREN

Eiler Larsen Does A Letter to His Pet Restaurant

Eiler Larsen, he of the kind heart and waving hand, wrote the typically hearty letter which follows:

Bishops (Fine and excellent eating place). Dear Friends:

Can yet recall the many good meals I enjoyed in your place and also that excellent service rendered by those fine, beautiful and nice girls there. How is Alex, the great ocean man?

Next year, when fortune and providence smile on me so I can see fit financially to make the most beautiful town in California another visit, I shall be happy once more to see all my friends there again. I would write more often if the P.O. only would refrain from charging three cents on its letters.

Kindly greet everyone in Carmel for the writer and wish them all eternal happiness, which I regret I can't bestow on them. Please give "Pal" an extra bone for me. Heartily thanks.

Now in the spirit of Christmas, in sincerity and with the greatest joy I wish you all, friends, children, boys and girls a joyous, peaceful and most inspiring time during the holidays and forever and ever.

Kindest greetings—most earnestly and sincerely,

—EILER LARSEN

(An Old World Traveler)

Dec. 21. Earthly address: General delivery, Oakland.

New Books at the Carmel Library

With Love And Irony, by Lin Yu-t'ang; Do Not Disturb, by Frank Case; A. P.; The Story of News, by Oliver Gramling; Gem of The Prairie, by Herbert Asbury; Caesars in Goose Step, by W. D. Bayles; The Ox-Bow Incident, by R. Clark.

For Us The Living, by Bruce Lancaster; On The Long Tide, by Laura Krey; The Voyage, by Charles Morgan; Invitation to Live, by Lloyd Douglas; The Magic Bow, by E. Komroff; So Perish The Roses, by Neill Bell (Southwold).

'Thief of Bagdad' Remains for Week-End

Previously scheduled to hop on its magic carpet tonight and vanish forever from our midst, "The Thief of Bagdad" will defer its trip and will remain at the Carmel Playhouse tomorrow and Sunday with matinees at 2:30 each of those days, in addition to the evening performances, so that more enthusiastic Peninsula theater-goers may get a chance to thrill to this two million dollar spectacle. This picture, which opened Christmas Day at the Playhouse in the first showing outside of New York's Radio City Music Hall, is a lavish production of an Arabian Nights fantasy in Technicolor which stars Sabu, the boy hero of "Elephant Boy" and of "Drums" in the title role of the Thief, Conrad Veidt, seen recently in "Escape" portrays the wicked Grand Vizier of Bagdad while June Duprez, who was the heroine of "Four Feathers," is the beautiful Princess of Basra. John Justin, a new star, is introduced for the first time as the magic-riden romantic ruler of the fantastic city of Bagdad and Rex Ingram plays the part of the giant ginni—a role far removed from his fine characterization of *De Lawd* in "Green Pastures."

Following the close of the current "Thief of Bagdad" engagement at the Carmel Playhouse, a new winter-and-spring schedule for that theatre will go into effect. Films will be shown only during week-ends: Friday, Saturday, and Sunday. Next week, starting Friday, it will present a request showing of "Our Town," the film based on Thornton Wilder's famed Pulitzer prize play of the same name.

COMMUNION SERVICE AT CHURCH OF WAYFARER THIS SUNDAY

The Church of the Wayfarer will begin the New Year with a Communion Service on Sunday morning at 11 o'clock. The sermon theme of Dr. James E. Crowther will be "Friendship for The New Year." The 202nd birthday anniversary of John Fawcett, author of "Blest Be The Tie That Binds," will be celebrated, and the 88th of George A. Gordon of Old South Church, Boston, who wrote, "O Will of God Beneath Our Life." The organ selections, played by Miss Jewell Brookshier, will be four of Chopin's Preludes: offertory, "Un Larme," by Moussorgsky, and Postlude, "Hymn of Faith" by Gluck.

CYMBAL WANT ADS are potent little buggers

ADULT SCHOOL OFFERS COURSE IN PHILOSOPHY

A new course in philosophy will be included in the offerings of the Carmel Adult School when it re-opens next Monday, Jan. 6. Mrs. Maude Monk is the instructor of the new class which will meet in room 3, Sunset, on Monday evenings.

Other classes meeting on Monday are: First Aid, Literature and Life, Citizenship for Adult Aliens, Photography, Pottery, Woodwork, Dramatics, Community Chorus and Basketball for men.

An attractive bulletin will be available early next week, describing the offerings of the adult school.

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Personalities & Personals

Dr. John R. Gray of Carmel and Dr. Arthur A. Arehart of Monterey were enthusiastic Cornhusker rooters at the Rose Bowl game Wednesday. Dr. Gray and Dr. Arehart, both former Nebraska residents and both ex-football stars themselves, temporarily abandoned their roles as loyal Californians and loudly hoped for an out-of-state victory.

Mr. and Mrs. Paul Winslow, after several weeks in New York, returned last Friday to their home in Pebble Beach.

The Fish ranch on the hill has been full of young people home for the holidays recently—Stuyvesant Fish flew home from Harvard several weeks ago, to spend Christmas with his father, while Mrs. Fish's son and daughter, David and Sheila Moore, also spent their vacation at the ranch. Sheila is a student at the Dorothy Dix Hamilton school in San Francisco and David attends the Cate school in Santa Barbara.

Stuyvesant, who is in his second year at Harvard, was recently elected to membership in the Porcellian club, an organization which selects only a few members each year from the different classes. He has also just joined the renowned Hasty Pudding club and is a member of the staff of the Harvard Crimson.

Dr. and Mrs. J. George Taylor returned to their Pasadena home for the rest of the winter after a month's visit at their Carmel house on Camino Real. They came up to spend Christmas with their two daughters who are permanent Carmel residents, Mrs. Elinor James and Mrs. Richard Masten.

Occupying Log Haven on Carmelo near Eighth are Henry and Mona Williams and their two children, arriving in Carmel on Christmas day to spend the holidays. Mr. Williams is the son of Mrs. Jesse Lynch Williams.

Last Sunday afternoon Tilly Polak had the Christmas party for children at her Carmel Woods studio which she has every year. Dora Hagemeyer read a Christmas story and then everyone sang carols around Miss Polak's tree which was lighted with real candles—real candles being quite a new experience to the children of this generation.

Mrs. Marshall L. Carter, Jr., entertained at a tea from 3 to 6 o'clock last Saturday afternoon at the Carter home at Rancho Aguajito. Thirty-five friends dropped in and out during the afternoon to admire the Christmas decorations of the house and to enjoy tea and coffee poured by Mrs. John Gratiot, Mrs. Raymond Smith, Mrs. Pierce Parsons and Mrs. Arnold Manor.

They told us that Don Gordon was here visiting his aunt, Orre Haseltine, during the holidays. It seems that he has joined the navy and is at the Naval Training Station at San Diego where for four months he will study the intricacies of radio. After that he will work in a submarine.

For the Christmas holidays, Mr. and Mrs. Donald Knight had as guests at their home on Scenic Drive, Mrs. Knight's mother, Mrs. Silas Fraser, her sister, Miss Marjorie Fraser, and her grandfather, Mr. Benjamin Tot-

ten, of Ventura. A real old-fashioned Christmas party with Carmel trimmings was enjoyed.

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Clague of Carmel have just received word that their son, Joe Clague, will attend the U. S. Navy Mine School at Yorktown, for three months training. He is the youngest officer enrolled.

Mr. and Mrs. F. R. Becholdt of Eighty Acres enjoyed a fine old-fashioned Christmas entertaining all their children and grandchildren over the holidays. Mr. and Mrs. L. E. Gottfried, their daughter and son-in-law, live in Carmel. Their oldest boy, Freer Gottfried and his wife came up from the south. Mrs. Becholdt's son, Donald Hale, his wife and two daughters came down from their ranch in Plumas county.

Mr. and Mrs. L. Milton Brown of Laguna Beach paid an unexpected and welcome visit to their old friend, Mrs. Don McFadden of The Mission Guest Ranch. The Browns are staying over the holidays at Del Monte with their daughter and son-in-law, Mr. and Mrs. Eyre Pinkard, who are making their permanent home there. Mr. Eyre was formerly connected with the Coronado Hotel.

Among the many gala festivities held New Year's Eve was the dance given at the Lodge by the Pebble Beach Racquet Club, the patronesses of which are Mesdames Chester A. Shephard, Walter Snook, Sidney Fish, Allen Griffin, Samuel F. B. Morse and Harold Mack. Many dinner parties preceded the dance, one of the larger ones was that given by Mr. and Mrs. Henry Wehrhane to which were invited her niece, Mary Hale, from Connecticut, Patsy and Jerry Shephard, Francis Chynoweth, Harriet Dawley, Turk Edmonds, Barbara Moore, Mary Wilhoit and Stuyvesant Fish, Dick Tevis, Ed Chynoweth, Benson Schuyler, Dick Culver, Lt. Overton, Lt. Corrigan, Lt. Raleigh, and Emory Lavelle.

Charles (Chick) McCarthy is directing Eugene O'Neill's "Bound East for Cardiff" for the Little Theater group organized at San Quentin.

Adolph Teichert left for Sacramento Monday morning. Anne Greene left by train for New York Tuesday, Teichert getting on the train at Sacramento. In New York Miss Greene will live with her sister, Mrs. Michel Penha, who is studying for her master's degree in gemology at Columbia University. Teichert and Miss Greene will continue with their piano study this winter with Frank Wickman and probably with Artur Schnabel. They will return to Carmel in four months.

Mrs. F. H. Clark and her daughter, Miss Marion Clark, of Berkeley are occupying their home, "Green Breakers," on the point. For the New Year holidays they have as guests Mrs. Clark's daughter, Mrs. Ernest Bundin, with her husband and three children.

We get a card from Corum Jackson who is taking a little time off from selling Carmel

real estate and with Mrs. Jackson is spending a week or so at Palm Springs. He says: "Am I laughing at you. Here I am in the sunshine — between showers." Well, we're in the sunshine, too, we would have him know, and not between showers, either.

Last Saturday afternoon the violin club composed of Mrs. Valona Brewer's pupils, gave an informal recital at the Camino Real home of Mrs. Ernest Leflingwell. Mrs. Brewer has about 25 pupils, ranging from five to 16 years, under her instruction, each of whom played a selection at the gathering. Such informal meetings of the young violinists usually take place once a month, while occasionally they present a recital open to the public.

New Year's Eve there was a gay dinner party at La Playa Hotel which celebrated the ninetyeth birthday of Julian de Cordova of Lincoln, Mass. Those who helped eat the tremendous birthday cake were Miss Anna Nyren, Mr. and Mrs. Howard E. Smith and Professor and Mrs. J. C. Elder of San Jose. Miss Nyren and Mr. de Cordova arrived at the Hotel a week ago to spend their third winter in Carmel.

Dr. and Mrs. Albert Davis came down from San Francisco to visit Mr. and Mrs. Charles Sayers and help them see the New Year in. Dr. Davis took a much needed rest from his role of a plastic surgeon.

Mary Wilhoit gave a last-day-of-the-year egg nog party last Tuesday in honor of Barbara Moore, Richard Culver and Benson Schuler who are all students at the University of California. Some of the guests who dropped in during the afternoon were Anne Whitman, Charlotte Townsend, Sheila Moore, Sue Chapman, Gerry and Patricia Shepard, Dick Tevis, Styvie Fish and Colden Whitman.

To share the holidays Mr. and Mrs. James O. Greenan had Major and Mrs. Ray Quigley, Betty Quigley and George Kerr as their New Year's guests. Mr. Greenan will return early this year for Nevada to take care of his mining interests in that part.

Capt. and Mrs. Philip Draper and Capt. and Mrs. R. W. Goldsmith will soon be headed for Hawaii as they recently received army orders which informed them that in the near future they would have to pack up and leave Carmel to hop on an island-bound boat.

Last Saturday night Andy Shepard gave a dinner dance at the Pebble Beach home of his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Clarke Shepard, Jr. Andy was host to Marilyn Strasburger, Eleanor Johnston, Dorothy Owens, Alice Vidoroni, Nancy Couvert, Jacqueline Klein, Dot and Mina Hicks, Emma Anne Wishart, Helen Ward, Kay Nagle, Virginia Shepard, Bobby Gargiulo, Howard Levinson, Orville Jones, Arthur Strasburger, Hal Moller, Ed Keeley, John Sand, Myron Oliver, Jr., Gordon Ewig, Jack Reed, Hal Dasbach and Freddie Stanley.

CYMBAL CLASSIFIED ADS cost little for one insertion, less per line for two, still less for three.

Carmel Red Cross Chapter Working On Plans for Chapter House of Its Own

Commerce is driving the Carmel Red Cross out of its War Relief Work room at Seventh and Dolores streets. Commerce within a year may also drive it out of the space it occupies as offices at the rear of the Deven-dorff property, under the City Hall. The former property was generously donated rent-free for many months by the Del Monte Dairy. The latter property is now part of an estate in the process of probate and is said to be coveted by a chain-store organization.

At any rate these situations have brought home to the Red Cross the need of a permanent Red Cross Chapter House or Social Service Center. The Chapter needs new quarters for the work room immediately. It would like combined quarters for work room and offices. It looks forward to the time when it will no longer be driven about by commercial enterprises that covet its quarters, but will have a permanent home. The board of directors is determined now to take steps that will some day make realization of a permanent Red Cross Chapter House possible.

Work of the Red Cross defines pretty definitely the location and nature of its quarters. It must be located in the business section for its clothes depot cannot be located elsewhere. Moreover, Miss P. Leslie King, its secretary, works only half-time for the Red Cross, supplementing her income through service as a public stenographer. Finally, the directors feel that it is not desirable to draw the transients with whom the Red Cross deals, into residential sections. So downtown the quarters must be. They must also be on the ground floor, because many coming for aid are too old to climb stairs. But the Red Cross is not proud. It does not ask to look out onto the street, but will gladly take rear quarters if they are ample. Anyone who knows of available space that fits these needs is asked to communicate with G. H. Burnette, who at the recent annual Red Cross meeting was appointed chairman of the housing committee, by Dr. G. H. Taubles, chapter chairman.

The greater need, if not the most urgent one, is for a permanent Red Cross Chapter House or Social Service Center, and the directors of the Carmel Chapter are determined to lay the foundations for that permanent home now. They may have architectural sketches drawn, to visualize the project. They may even set up a trust fund, to which funds may be given or bequeathed until enough is on hand to make this dream come true. It is possible that plans for a Red Cross Chapter House

might be worked out in connection with Carmel's need for a community-owned City Hall; thus making the beginnings of a Civic Center. No plans have yet been made; but possibilities will be thoroughly discussed at a meeting of the housing committee to be held early next week.

JUDGE ROSS SAYS IT AND HE MEANS IT

Showing again that the Carmel police mean business when they hand out traffic tickets, Judge George P. Ross last Tuesday rang up in the cash register of the Carmel police court a nice round \$50 which had been deposited with him on behalf of Jasper Clark, who was cited in October for parking beside a crosswalk and who had ignored the tag.

It seems that Clark, a driver for Palm Springs residents, failed to answer the traffic ticket and so the judge recently issued a warrant for his arrest, setting the bail at \$100. Friends of Clark promptly deposited the \$50 which was immediately forfeited.

Judge Ross said, "Whenever drivers fail to appear on traffic citation it becomes a separate misdemeanor from the citation and is subject to a heavy fine and, or, imprisonment. We aren't fooling in Carmel when we say that a citation means an appearance in court."

In spite of torrential rains which have occurred in the Redwood Empire during the last storms, U.S. 101, the Redwood Highway, has remained open to travel with only a few short temporary delays, according to the Eureka office of the National Automobile Club.

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SPINDLING IT OFF

What use do taxidermists put ants to in their profession?

In this season of cranberry sauce, do you know the why of the 'cran' in cranberry?

Possibly it's not yet too far removed from the holidays for this one: It was close to Christmas when the town meeting was held around the stove some years ago in the village store at Santa Fe, Indiana, and all those present were faced with the problem of giving a new name to their town so that a post office could be established which wouldn't be confused with a town of the same name in another county. As it was near Christmas they decided to keep the Santa and change the Fe to Claus, so now each year hundreds of people make special pilgrimages in December to the town of Santa Claus to completely overwhelm the little country post office with packages and cards which they wished to be stamped with the personal postmark of "Santa Claus."

In Japan many dogs have a sad fate, the hides of stray dogs are now being tanned for army shoe leather; while in America dogs royally patronize the city's bus system — one woman got onto a bus, followed by her large setter, paid the necessary fare and told the driver to let the dog out at a certain street and then she, herself, got off, leaving the dog to ride alone as a passenger to the other part of town. . . . "One-Inch Dew Floods L.A.'s Main Streets" was the headline of an article very prominently placed on a recent copy of the *Miami Daily News*. The article was an Associated Press release; the 'dew,' Florida's own contribution.

The irony of fate—decorated by President Coolidge as the safest naval aviator, Lt. Commander Reginald Thomas died the other day of injuries received in an automobile accident. . . . Trying to make more tangible the astounding number of deaths caused each year in the United States by auto accidents was a comparison which stated that the number of Americans killed in traffic accidents during the last 17 years is greater by far than the number killed in all the wars that our nation has ever been in—bringing it all home in a pretty lurid way. . . . And when auto accidents aren't taking a good sized toll of human life, lightning manages to injure usually about 1,000 and kill almost 400 each year. . . . Cranberries get their 'cran' from *craneberry* which is the Anglo-Saxon form referring to the fact that at blossoming the stem of the dwarf cranberry shrub looks very much like the neck, head and bill of the bird known as the crane.

Dr. E. O. Lawrence, University of California, Nobel Prize winner, who recently received another medal for constructing the world's greatest atom-smashing machine, may be a very accomplished physicist who invented an involved process by which atoms may be broken up, but he is a total loss as a handy man around the house—not even making the mildest attempt to fry an egg or fix a leaky faucet. This should come as a comfort to those who just somehow aren't able to ever do even the smallest odd jobs around the house.

"For Whom the Bells Toll"—starting in the middle of November, chimes on top of a Methodist church in Pennsylvania have pealed notes of a hymn each day at noon and will continue to do so until peace returns to the world. . . . And while American churches hopefully

toll for peace, in Milan the new churches don't have belfries since bronze is available only for armaments; the bells still ring, though, but from phonograph recordings which are amplified through loud speakers from the roof of the churches.

Vermont milliners may now decorate feminine hats with feathers from starlings, crows, hawks, blackbirds, great horned owls or kingfishers, but no longer may they adorn with pheasant or other game birds of fancy plumage for this is against the state law which prohibits the sale of any part of these wild birds. . . . "I feel like a bloated capitalist" was the only statement made by an 18-year-old girl when she was asked how she felt after swallowing 23 nickel coins at a police station in Rio de Janeiro. . . . In New Mexico, Indians of Jemez Pueblo want deferment from the draft for young braves who are studying to be "medicine men," claiming that the priests of their native religion are essential to the well-being of the Pueblo. . . . The old adage, "Like a red rag to a bull" is really not on the right circuit at all as bulls are color blind and consequently don't get mad just when they see red—any moving object, no matter what color, will excite them. . . . Taxidermists have a special job for ants and set them to work with a definite purpose to eat away the flesh from the bodies of tiny animals when they want just the skeletons.

In poultry circles there is nothing uncommon about an egg auction, but now New Bedford wishes to establish sort of a continuous fish auction in the form of a Fish Exchange in an open market where local dealers will bid for each catch as it comes into port, thus giving fishermen a chance to get the highest possible offer. This is a part of a plan which hopes to make New Bedford, the greatest whaling center of the past, the greatest fishing port of the future. . . . Fish stories all have their place in our modern folk lore, but here's a deer story which can be filed under the same sort of dubious heading: A Canadian hunter recently bagged a 2-in-1 shot when he spotted a big buck deer, aimed at it and killed them. It's *them* because apparently there was a second buck standing right behind the first one and the one bullet went through the two of them, killing each instantly.

A supposedly penniless indigent, who was living at a Salvation Home in an Eastern city and was sharing the free board and room kindly being given to such cases as his, turned out to not only have an automobile of his own, but he pulled out a "bookmaker's type of bankroll," a fat roll with nothing smaller than a \$20 bill in it, when he had to pay a fine for reckless driving.

An interesting clipping sent into the CYMBAL told of how in Grants Pass, Oregon, none of the local residents park on the main streets; these they keep clear for visitors and they themselves always park on the side streets. Perhaps this is a sug-

gestion to make for tourists a similar Shangri La out of our Carmel streets.

—ELIZABETH HOUGHTON

Cannibal Land Movie at The Forum Jan. 9



HERBERT KNAPP, who will present his all-color, feature-length motion picture "Fiji, Cannibal Land of Yesterday" with his own comments and special music, at the Carmel Forum, Sunset Auditorium, Thursday night, Jan. 9, at 8 p.m.

Voted as one of the best programs of the year last year, the only one scheduled to be repeated this year by the Carmel Forum is Herbert Knapp, who brings his all-color, feature-length motion picture, "Fiji, Cannibal Land of Yesterday," to the Carmel Forum next Thursday, Jan. 9. This is a sequel to the film "Polynesia" which Knapp showed here last year.

Knapp has not only taken excellent pictures, but he also organizes them with great skill into a coherent story of all the various features of the land, and accompanies them with his own personal comments which are also organized into a complete and highly interesting story.

Many fascinating and unusual scenes of native life are included in this film, including the amazing record of mysterious firewalking which has puzzled scientists for years. Every aspect of this ancient ceremony is recorded in "Fiji, Cannibal Land of Yesterday."

Other exclusive sequences were filmed in the almost impenetrable jungle of Viti Levu's mountainous interior. Here Knapp was the guest of Tui Namosi, hereditary king of the province where cannibalism made its last stand. The king died while the Knapps were still in Fiji. Knowing that his death was near, and as a mark of his esteem, two days before his death Tui Namosi presented Knapp with his most valued possession, the royal tambua, a beautifully polished whale's tooth.

The excursion which resulted in the filming of "Fiji" was Knapp's third visit to the South Seas. His first was a holiday jaunt on which he filmed "South Sea Diary," intended simply as a photographic record of a particularly enjoyable visit. The picture created such an insistent demand that he decided to return and film "Polynesia." This third picture is like the others in its authenticity and shows

the results of painstaking research and days of untiring effort under a broiling tropical sun.

The film will be shown at Sunset Auditorium, at 8 p.m., Jan. 9, with no charge for admission.

Mary M. Miller Awarded First Prize for Yard Decoration

Carmel's judging of Christmas trees and decorations, "outdoor, or visible from the road," resulted in awards as follows:

To Mary M. Miller of Carmel Point, first prize of \$10 from the Carmel Business Association.

To Mrs. William De Lang and Mrs. John Fisher, second prizes.

To General and Mrs. Joseph W. Stilwell, and Mrs. R. Wyman, third prizes.

The six fourth prizes were awarded to Miss Laura Dierssen, Sam and Robin Robison, John Field, John Douglas Short, Mrs. Jane Adams, and Don and Brian Leidig.

Entries were judged by a committee of three composed of Mrs. George Stuart, chairman; Clay Otto and Jaffrey Harris, on the four points of light, shape, imagination and taste. Inasmuch as all judging had to be done at night and there were many entries and much going and coming in Christmas week, it was not easy to arrive at a final score. Some day the judges may write their memoirs and tell how many times their cars broke down on some "little Spanish street in the pine woods."

Prizes other than first prizes, and mainly of merchandise, were contributed by the following business people: Mr. and Mrs. James McGrury, Mr. and Mrs. Wick Parsons, Shelburn Robison, Victor Graham, Miss Rachel Denslow, Edward Kuster, Harrison Godwin, Kip Silvey, Mr. and Mrs. Jack Herron, E. F. Smith (Plantsmith), George Fortier, and Mr. and Mrs. J. Weaver Kitchen.

CYMBAL CLASSIFIED ADS cost little for one insertion, less per line for two, still less for three.

Blooded Dogs of Peninsula Go Out To Win

In a specially built deluxe and heated air-conditioned trailer, the aristocrats of the Monterey Peninsula dog world left yesterday with J. A. West of the Del Monte Kennels as their maestro on a show circuit which will carry them to eastern shores where they hope to bring home the blue ribbons in a separate air-conditioned trailer.

Some of the west coast's finest dogs who left with West to compete against the east coast dogs are two Giant Schnauzers, *Graf Heimschutz* and *Fleck of Algo*, owned by Dr. Charles C. Crocker of Pebble Beach; a champion Welsh Terrier, *Aman Flashlad*, owned by Miss Marion Kingsland and Eleanor Spyer of Carmel; the champion Gordon Setter, *Prince of Avalon*, owned by Mr. and Mrs. George W. Hall of San Francisco and Carmel Valley; a Welsh Corgi, *Margaret Rose*, owned by Betty Small of Carmel, and the English Cocker, *Otter-shaw Yvette*, owned by Steve C. Sheldon of Monterey.

The circuit will include dog shows at the following Florida cities: Winterhaven, Clearwater, St. Petersburg, Sarasota and Miami during the month of January. On February 1 they will move on to Baltimore, finishing up with the Terrier Specialty Show in New York February 9 and the Westminster Show in Madison Square Garden, February 11 and 12.

West has promised to keep us well posted from time to time on the wins and losses of this canine caravan of his.

FREE LECTURE SUNDAY ON CHRISTIAN SCIENCE

There will be a free lecture on Christian Science by Richard J. Davis C.S.B., of San Jose, at 3 o'clock Sunday afternoon, Jan. 5, at the Sunset Auditorium. The lecture is open to the public.

Chapman Taft Realty

SELECT RENTALS—LICENSED REAL ESTATE BROKER

Dolores St., next to Western Union Telephone 144

EVEN IF THE CYMBAL ISN'T MUCH OF A NEWSPAPER, YOU'LL ADMIT IT LOOKS GOOD

*We're Responsible For That**

The Cymbal Press

DOLORES NR. 8th

TELEPHONE 1100

(*) our commercial printing is just as dandy

Premium meats . . . extra fancy turkey, chicken and duck . . . choicest, freshest fish . . . at competitive prices, too.

VININGS

DOLORES STREET—TELEPHONE 200

Some Thoughts About the World Being Full of Annoying People Nice Dogs and Good Books

Sunday my Dad and I, accompanied by our little black Cocker, (who is more fun than a Zoo full of monkeys) drove over to watch the wild ocean waves along the shore line from Pacific Grove to Carmel Point. The waves really weren't so wild, but they were truly beautiful. I think the dog had more fun than anybody, though. He tried his level best to catch some tricky little hermit crabs; just to see what makes them tick, I guess. Then down near the lighthouse he discovered two comparatively defunct sea gulls on the beach and would have loved to bring them home as a present to the family. He evidently considered them much nicer than anything to be found at home in Salinas. After a bit of argument, however, I managed to convince him that the family could most likely be persuaded to get along without the birds. He's a pretty swell egg, that little dog of ours!

Something has been bothering me of late, and I've got to "out with it." It's the rather horrible business of people going to shows primarily to out-talk the actors. They certainly can't go just to "SEE" them! Why, the last time I attended a performance at the First Theater (Page Dorothea Castelhun, she started this.) I found myself seated between a shopping trip in San Francisco, and a bad case of the flu, with a new car behind me, and a hat with a ten-inch feather in front of me! Now I ask you, what's a poor gal to do when she goes backstage after the show and someone in the cast starts a string of pointed questions about the play? "Oh, darling, you were wonderful... such poise in your piston rings and really, sweet, your stage presence is much smoother than the old model, but definitely. What? Yes, I saw that play last year and what did that darned sales girl do but short-change me 50 cents on those books, and by the time I was ready to go Fred had changed his mind about the hat I had on and insisted that I wear this monstrosity and you know how I hate feathers, my dear, but isn't that just like a man! Yes, he was just perfect in that role... marvelous voice, too, and do you know, I never enjoyed a fever so much in all my life, the doctor nearly gave me up for lost this time, and you didn't go up in a single line, either. How perfectly wonderful, and what a sweet child she is, too, the one down at the bottom of the garden with Nellie's hat on the bird!"

Damn such people anyway!

While I'm on the subject of boorish folk, and that's all you can call such people, I might also add a couple more "beefs" to my rapidly increasing list of stuff and such. (I've got a million of 'em," to quote some one whose name I can't recall at the moment... apologies, old man, sorry and all that.)

Just recently the movie houses of my particular acquaintance hereabouts have committed what to me seems a foul crime. They've (to be said with gritted teeth) kindly, and so thoughtfully, installed the loveliest little candy vending machines in the lobbies. And that's not all, not by far, for all of the candy in those infernal contraptions of the devil himself seem to be tightly and securely wrapped in the noisiest kind of cellophane procurable.

I became suddenly and almost painfully aware of this latest menace to safety and happiness about three weeks ago. The pic-

ture was rather an important production and I really wanted to give it serious attention. The house was a relatively poor one considering the fact that it was opening night, but what audience did come in after I reached my seat poured in around me like so much syrup. Two soldiers were at my left, and some sweet young teen-age girls on my right. The soldiers, being men of action, or something, soon brought out their ammunition and started firing the tough, chewy stuff into their mouths. As the plot progressed their chomp-chomp, squish-chomp-squish, became more intense, relieved only occasionally by a short pause during which further ammunition was unloaded to the tune of the crinkle-crinkle, crush, crinkle, smash of reams of cellophane wrappers. Deciding, finally, (audibly) that they couldn't hear well enough where they were (and was it any wonder?) both got up and started a sort of bum's rush over my poor feet and down the aisle to new seats.

I settled down to patch up what was left of the picture when to my utter and complete horror I beheld, out of the corner of an eye, those dear little darlings on my right, producing, apparently out of thin air, all manner of small candies—all colors and flavors—and every single piece cellophane wrapped! That was the last straw. To this day I couldn't tell, to save my life, whether She married the Right Man or the Wrong Man or whether anyone got what he wanted! Furthermore, I don't care so very much right now, because I'm still madder than two wet hens and fervently hope that you feel the same way about the situation.

Have you, by the way, heard any of the new automobile horns, yet? I mean the sort that play tunes like "Mary Had a Little Lamb?" Well, you've nothing to kick about if you haven't been pestered silly day and night by Mary's little lamble pie. We've a neighbor who, under ordinary circumstances, might be a good joke; but on his birthday some weeks ago a lame-brain relative or friend presented him with a new horn, and wonder of wonders! It plays "Mary Had a Little Lamb" without any apparent provocation or encouragement whatsoever. We are put to bed

by it, waked out of dreamless sleep by it, eat our meals to it, wash our clothes with it, walk the dog to it, and swear mighty oaths against it, but we don't know quite WHAT TO DO ABOUT IT! We are hoping that it will die of over-use, or that our pal (?) will die of boredom, or that the earth will open and swallow car, horn, neighbor, Mary, lamb, and all. We ain't choosy.

Well, that's plenty of that sort of thing for this time, let's turn to something different.

I've done a heap of reading during this past holiday season, and am sufficiently excited about a couple of books to want to pass the good word along to you. I'm particularly thrilled by Phil Stong's latest, "Horses and Americans," in which he traces the history of the horse as we of America know it, and in a most awfully readable text from start to finish. We owe a lot to the good old work horse and the author makes us aware of our great debt in a charming, and often humorous manner. He brings back to the old-timers the thrills and chills of the first American races and racers. It's a book for the true horse lover to own and cherish.

The other book which seems to have a certain degree of importance at this particular time, is "Two Thousand and Ten Days of Hitler" by Miss Patsy Ziemer, aged 12. The book is a collection of Patsy's recollections as she set them down upon her arrival in America. It is a picture of Hitler's Germany as seen

through the eyes of an American child whose life until a few months ago was spent in that country. Her father was founder and headmaster of the American School in Berlin. She tells of the horror of the Jewish purges, and of the attempts of the Nazi forces to close her father's school, and of the tense days both preceding and following the Munich crisis. Her father carefully fills in the necessary political, historical, and social background for each incident told by little Patsy. It makes fearful and wonderful reading.

Adios, Amigos,

—PHYLLIS L. SMITH

+

Over the Cracker Barrel

We hear about:

Local people complaining that undisciplined children remove Christmas decorations from the property of unsuspecting citizens but the latest is, in our estimation, a much more serious offense—a Carmel Valley visitor parked his nice new car beside the fish-pond at the Mission Guest Ranch to call on friends, carefully putting on the brakes and putting the gears in reverse. As it was Monday night the club was closed so he had a cup of coffee with his friends in their cottage and later invited them to ride up town with him to a movie. But lo and behold—his car was gone!

After much searching it was found at the foot of the hill below the Club House, just a few

feet from the edge of the swimming pool. Some prankster (?) had released the brakes and gearshift and just let it roll away. A tow car with a cable was called and after considerable work (and expense) the car was pulled out of the mud and sand and towed up the hill onto the road.

The only people on the grounds at this time were George de Amarla and Haskell McFadden, Mrs. McFadden's son, who said that they had seen a man in civilian clothes get out of the car and a moment later the car went careening down the hill—incidentally, the owner of the car was in uniform.

—E. F.

+

ARMINE VON TEMPSKI IS GOING TO WAKE UP ONE OF THESE DAYS

The last time we heard from Armine Von Tempski she said she felt as though she had swallowed a butterfly. That was when she learned that her book, "Born in Paradise" had been selected by the Literary Guild as the book for the month.

Now her abdominal cavity must feel like a nest of humming birds. She writes us that on Christmas Eve she received a telegram from *Readers Digest* telling her that a 10,000-word condensation of the book is being printed in their February issue. AND the same afternoon came to her word from Dodd, Mead that they want her new juvenile, "Judy of the Islands." Armine puts it: "There are fairies; there is a Santa Claus."

We have a feeling

THAT MANY OF YOU OUT-OF-TOWN SUBSCRIBERS TO THE CYMBAL WOULD GREATLY ENJOY THE

CARMEL CYMBAL ANNUAL



1940

IT CONTAINS 25 REPRINTS FROM THE CYMBAL OF THE LAST FOUR YEARS.

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CARMEL
THEATRE

Finest Entertainment
Finest First Run Pictures
Perfect Sound
Perfect Ventilation

Friday, Saturday, Jan. 3, 4

GRACE MacDONALD

ROBERT PAIGE

DANCING ON A DIME

Richard Dix, Florence Rice

Cherokee Strip

Sun., Mon., Tues., Jan. 5, 6, 7

Alice Faye, Betty Grable,
Jack Oakie

TIN PAN ALLEY

Wednesday, Thurs., Jan. 8, 9

Claudette Colbert, Ray Milland

ARISE MY LOVE

Lynn Roberts, John McGuire
Guy Kibbee

STREET OF MEMORIES

Just in case . . .

YOU SHOULD WANT TO KNOW

STATISTICS ON THE TOWN

Carmel, in a pine forest (Carmel-by-the-Sea on the unashamed records, and "nestled" in a pine forest, according to realtors), on the shore of the expansive Pacific Ocean, is about 130 miles south of San Francisco by road and rail, and about 330 miles north of Los Angeles (God help us!) by the naturally beautiful but peace-devastating new coast highway.

Within our corporate borders dwell during tranquil nine months of the year about 2,800 human beings of varying degrees of personal charm and about 1297 dogs, all lovable. We cover a geographical area of 425 acres and have 1602 dwellings. We tolerate 176 separate and distinct places of business.

Directly adjacent to us, but not within our municipal city limits are residence sections known to us as Carmel Point, Carmel Woods, Pebble Beach, Hatton Fields and the Mission Tract, with an estimated aggregate population of 1000 humans. Dogs 187. Also using us for shopping purposes are Carmel Highlands, where State Senator Ed Tickle runs Highlands Inn, and the Carmel Valley. They have an estimated population of 400 humans. Dogs 88.

That gives us about 4,200 human beings and 1,572 dogs in "metropolitan" Carmel.

CITY OFFICES AND WHO ARE HOLDING THEM NOW

Five members of the city council who, with their designated commissions, are:

Mayor and Commissioner of Finance—Keith B. Evans.
Commissioner of Police and Lights—Bernard Rowntree.
Commissioner of Streets—P. A. McCreery.

Commissioner of Fire and Water—Herber Heron.
Commissioner of Health and Safety—Frederick M. Godwin.

The above get no pay.
City Clerk and Assessor—Saidee Van Brouwer. Telephone 110.
City Treasurer—Ira D. Taylor.

Appointive offices with their incumbents are:

City Attorney—William L. Hudson.

Police Judge—George P. Ross. Telephone 1003.

Building Inspector—B. W. Adams. Telephone 481.

Tax Collector—Thomas J. Heffling. Telephone 376.

Police Department—Chief Robert Walton. Roy Frates, acting chief. Patrolmen—Earl Wermuth, Leslie Overhulse, Livingstone Hay. Desk Officer, John P. Van Epps.

Fire Department—Chief Robert Leidig. Chief and 21 members are volunteers. Two paid truck drivers. Fire House on Sixth avenue, between San Carlos and Mission streets. Telephone 100.

Park and Playground Commission—Corum Jackson, chairman.

The City Hall, to which we point without pride is on Dolores street, between Ocean and Seventh avenues.

The council holds its regular meeting there on the first Wednesday after the first Monday of the month at 7:45 p.m.

PUBLIC LIBRARY

Ralph Chandler Harrison Memorial Library is at the north-east corner of Ocean avenue and Lincoln streets. Hours are 11 a.m. to 9 p.m. Closed Sundays and holidays. Books free to permanent residents inside the city limits. A charge of \$3 a year is made to residents in the Carmel district outside the city. A deposit of \$3 is required of transients and residents of less than six months duration, retained at the rate of 25 cents a week during use of the library.

The library board of trustees meets every second Tuesday of the month at 10:30 a.m. This is open to the public.

The library possesses the Ralph Chandler Harrison collection of original etchings.

Anybody living in the county may apply for a county card and obtain county library books through the Carmel library.

ART GALLERY

The Carmel Art Association Gallery, open to the public, displaying the original work of Monterey Peninsula artists, is on the west side of Dolores street, between Fifth and Sixth avenues, a block and a half north of Ocean avenue. The hours are 2 to 5 p.m. every day or mornings and evenings by appointment. Call 327. Mrs. Clay Otto, curator.

CARMEL MISSION

Mission San Carlos Borromeo del Rio de Carmelo. Founded 1770 by Fray Junipero Serra. South on San Carlos continuing on winding road quarter of a mile. The Rev. Michael D. O'Connell, pastor. Telephone 750. Regular mass Sunday, 10 a.m. Visiting hours, weekdays, 9 to 12 m., 1 to 5 p.m. Sunday, after masses.

CHURCHES

All Saints' Church (Episcopal). East side of Monte Verde street a half block south of Ocean avenue. The Rev. Carel J. Hulswé, rector. Telephone 230. Services: Holy Communion every Sunday at 8 a.m. and on the first Sunday of every month also at 11 a.m. Church School 9:30 a.m. Morning prayer and sermon, 11 a.m.

Church of The Wayfarer. Lincoln street, half a block south from Ocean avenue. The Rev. James E. Crowther, D.D., pastor. Telephone 1540. Services: Worship, Sunday, 11 a.m. Sunday School, 9:45 a.m.

First Church of Christ, Scientist. East side of Monte Verde street, north from Ocean avenue a block and a half. Services: Sunday, 11 a.m. Sunday School, 9:30 a.m. Wednesday evening meeting, 8 p.m. Reading room, south side of Ocean avenue between Lincoln and Monte Verde. Open daily from 11 to 5 and evenings (except Sunday and Wednesday) from 7 to 9.

PUBLIC UTILITIES

Pacific Gas and Electric Company. West side of Dolores street, between Seventh and Eighth avenues. L. G. Weer, manager. Telephone 778. If no answer, call 178.

Pacific Telephone and Telegraph Company. South-east corner of Dolores and Seventh avenue. Telephone 20.

Water Company. Monterey County Trust and Savings Bank Building on Dolores street. Telephone 138.

THEATERS

Carmel Theatre. In downtown district, Ocean avenue and Mission street. L. J. Lyons, resident manager. Regular motion picture programs every evening, with matinees every day during summer. Telephone 282.

Carmel Playhouse. West side of Monte Verde street between Eighth and Ninth Avenue. Edward G. Kuster, manager. Exceptional

films shown regardless of age or origin. Telephone 403.

Carmel Studio Theatre ("Green Room") East side of Casanova Street between Eighth and Ninth avenue. Edward G. Kuster, manager. Concerts and lectures. Telephone 403.

Forest Theater. Natural amphitheater in pine woods. Owned by city in park and playground area. Mountain View avenue, three blocks south of Ocean avenue.

POST OFFICE

South-east corner of Ocean avenue and Mission street. Ernest Bixler, postmaster.

Outgoing mail closes for all points at 8:00 a.m., 1:20 p.m. and 7:05 p.m. Sundays and holidays, 2:30 p.m. only.

Mail available—From all points 10:45 a.m. Principally from north and east 3 p.m. and 8:30 p.m. Windows are closed all day Sunday and at 12 m. Saturday, but all mail is placed in boxes before 10:45 a.m. on Saturday, and morning mail on Sunday before 10:45 a.m.

RAILWAY EXPRESS

South side of Seventh street, between Dolores and San Carlos streets. Ira D. Taylor, manager. Telephone 64.

CARMEL ART INSTITUTE

Seven Arts Building. Classes in all arts and crafts. Kit Whitman, director. Telephone 1222.

TELEGRAPH

Western Union. East side of Dolores street, between Ocean and Seventh avenues. Telephone 630 or Call Western Union.

Postal Telegraph. Telephone, 630 or Call Postal Telegraph.

BANKS

Bank of Carmel. North side of Ocean avenue between Dolores and San Carlos streets. Charles L. Berkey, manager. Telephone 312.

Monterey County Trust and Savings Bank (Carmel Branch). West side of Dolores street between Ocean and Seventh avenues. J. E. Abernethy, manager. Telephone 920.

TAXI SERVICE

Joe's 24-hour service. Ocean avenue, next to library, and Sixth and Dolores. Telephones 15 and 95. Greyhound 24-hour service. Dolores and Sixth. Telephone 40.

MONTEREY TRAINS

Southern Pacific Depot, Monterey. Telephone Monterey 4155. Northbound train 8:40 a.m. Bus connection for Daylight Limited 2:35 p.m. and 6:32 p.m. Southbound train 8:22 p.m. with through sleeper to Los Angeles. Bus connection with Daylights 9:37 a.m. and 1:27 p.m. Arrival from North, 11:12 a.m., 3 p.m., 6:52 p.m., 10:33 p.m. Arrival from South 7:22 a.m. Through sleeper from Los Angeles 4:17 p.m. and 8 p.m.

BUS SERVICE

Pacific Greyhound Lines. Carmel office, south-west corner of Sixth and Dolores. Tel. 40. Departures from Carmel: Northbound, A.M., 9:10, 10:55; P.M., 7:55, 10:00.

Carmel Hospitality

Newly Remodeled
Monte Verde Apts.
Ocean View. Large, Comfortable rooms and apartments
Very attractive rates
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Telephone 71

Highlands Inn
5 Miles South of Carmel on San Simeon Highway
Rates \$5 to \$7.50 per day
American Plan

CARMEL INN
At Home In A
Friendly Atmosphere
MODERATE RATES
San Carlos at Eighth, Tel. 691

7th & Lincoln, Tel. Carmel 800
Hotel La Ribera
"Home of Hospitality"
European Plan: Rates for \$3

CLASSIFIED ADS

REAL ESTATE FOR SALE

STONE VENEER HOUSE, 6-room house on Randall Way, Hatton Fields. 3 bedrooms, 2 baths. Central heat. \$9850. F. H. A. Easy terms. Carl Bensberg, Owner and builder. (tf)

MISSION TRACT LOTS—Drive any place in Carmel and compare the prices of lots with the 60 ft. home sites in the Mission Tract for desirability and real value. \$1550 buys a beautiful building site 60x100 ft. with all utilities in, even to all wires being placed underground out of sight. Sewers for most lots. Ideal location for new homes, and the finest rental section in town. Very reasonable monthly terms can be arranged. See these lots before you buy. Carmel Realty Company, Las Tiendas Bldg. or ANY CARMEL BROKER. (24)

LEGAL NOTICES

NOTICE OF FILING OF ASSESSMENT AND TIME OF HEARING

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN that on December 30, 1940, a diagram and assessment were filed with the undersigned Secretary covering the sum due the contractor for the public improvement performed by it on Camino Del Monte, Santa Rita Street, Serra Avenue, Pico Avenue, Guadalupe Street, Cabrillo Street, and the right of way reserved for public utilities, all as described in Resolution of Intention No. 151 passed August 19, 1940, by the Sanitary Board of the Carmel Sanitary District, reference to which resolution is hereby made for a description of the work and of the assessment district therefor, the bonds to be issued on unpaid assessments, and for further particulars.

NOTICE IS FURTHER GIVEN that Monday, the 20th day of January, 1941, at the hour of 7:30 o'clock P.M. is the time fixed by the undersigned Secretary when all persons interested in the work done or in the assessment may appear at the regular meeting place of the Sanitary Board of said District in the Sundial Court Apartments Building in the City of Carmel-by-the-Sea, California, and be heard by said Sanitary Board.

The owners and all other persons interested in said work or in said assessment, having or making any objection to the correctness of said assessment or the diagram attached thereto, or other act, determination or proceeding of the Engineer of said District, shall, prior to the day fixed for said hearing, appeal to said Sanitary Board by briefly stating in writing the grounds of appeal.

Dated: December 30, 1940.
ALLEN KNIGHT
Secretary of the Sanitary Board of the Carmel Sanitary District. (pub. j3.10)

NEW YEAR BRINGS RED REFLECTOR LAW

Driving without a rear red reflector to serve as a warning in addition to the tail light becomes illegal with the arrival of the new year, it is pointed out by the public safety department of the California State Automobile Association.

The reflector is required by a law enacted at the 1939 session of the legislature, which set January 1, 1941, as the effective date in order to allow reasonable time for compliance by motor vehicle manufacturers.

The law provides that the reflectors may be part of the tail lights or carried separately.

Every reflector, the law stipulates, shall be mounted at a height not less than 16 inches nor more than 60 inches above the ground. It is also specified that each reflector "shall be of such size and characteristics and so maintained as to be readily visible at night from all distances within 300 feet to 50 feet . . . when directly in front of lawful upper beams of headlamps under normal atmospheric conditions."

It is further required that reflectors shall be of a type approved by the Department of Motor Vehicles.

REAL ESTATE FOR SALE

BUILDING LOTS—In the Mission Tract and the Walker Tract, large 60 ft. lots for \$1500, \$1550, \$1850. Finest home locations—zoned for residences only—all utilities are available. Monthly terms arranged to suit your convenience. For investors homes built in these areas will bring a larger return. Compare these beautiful lots with any others in adjoining sections—these lots are better buys. Carmel Realty Company, Ocean Avenue, or ANY CARMEL BROKER. (1)

APARTMENTS FOR RENT

ATTRACTIVE FURNISHED apartment 3 blocks off Ocean. Ideal for single or elderly person. Utilities included. No linens. \$30 per mo. or lease. Address L-86, Cymbal Office. (2)

FOR SALE

Dogs
WELCH CORGI 14-month-old female. Both parents A.K.C. Champions. Reasonably priced but good home essential. Tel. Carmel 1711 or address L-87, Cymbal Office. (tf)

TWO BEAUTIFUL MALE puppies. Under \$5. Box 989 or white house, corner First & Carpenter. (1)

FOR SALE Household Goods

GRAND OPPORTUNITY to acquire nearly new furniture. Baby grand piano, highboy secretary, complete bedroom suite, and other pieces. Call at S. W. corner 12th and Lincoln. Frank Hill. (tf)

PLACES TO LIVE WANTED

UNFURNISHED HOUSE, 2 or 3 bedrooms. Children. Permanent. Under \$35 month. Possibility of buying. A. Sheffield, Gen. Del. (tf)

WORK WANTED

EXPERT TYPIST—Will do work at home. Tel. Carmel 1573-W. (tf)

CYMBAL WANT ADS go places, see people and do things—to 'em.

ROOMS FOR RENT

BEDROOM and shower in private residence with use of garage. Tel. 1538. (1)

REAL ESTATE FOR EXCHANGE

FOR EXCHANGE—Have good 5-room house in San Jose, choice residential district, lot 50 x 200 near schools. \$4500. Will trade up to \$8500. Cash. South of Ocean preferred. Address L-85, Cymbal Office. (2)

LOT PRICES
WILL BE
HIGHER!
—
BUY A LOT
IN
Carmel
Woods
AT THESE LOW
BARGAIN PRICES
—
LARGER LOTS
\$600 \$700 \$750
—
LOW MONTHLY TERMS
—
ALL UTILITIES
AVAILABLE
—
25 LOTS TO SELECT
FROM
—
CARMEL REALTY
COMPANY
Ocean Avenue
Or any Carmel Broker

Business Directory

Carmel Transfer

G. R. YOUNG
General Trucking, Concrete
Work Contracting
Fourth and Mission, Tel. 124
If no answer, please call 16-R-11

A. D. H. CO.

Heating: Plumbing
Sheet Metal & Electrical Work
Gas Appliances
San Carlos and Fifth: Tel. 270

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WE DELIVER
C. F. HASKELL
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Boarding: Stripping: Bathing
THE ORIGINAL
DEL MONTE KENNELS
Pedigreed Puppies for Sale
J. A. West, Owner
Telephone 5327, Monterey, Cal.

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Mayfair House Construction Starts Soon

Mayfair House starts building this month, probably any day now. It will be ready for occupancy by June, Mrs. Josephine Peabody, the owner hopes.

Mayfair House is to be the name of the group of 12 patioed-cottages to be constructed at the south-east corner of Seventh and Lincoln streets. They will each be complete units, with kitchen, garden and walled-in patio. The gardens and patio will be no hit-or-miss proposition. The landscaping is in the hands of Thomas Church, noted landscape architect, who two years ago drew up a plan for sidewalk and street planting on Ocean avenue and Dolores street.

Mrs. Florence Benedict, who will be manager of Mayfair House, says that there will be no dining room or restaurant in connection with the place and that no liquor license is being sought.

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BETTY WORK TO MARRY TOM VALENTINE JANUARY 19

Coming as practically a complete surprise to all their friends on the Peninsula was the announcement made last week by Mr. and Mrs. Thomas A. Work of Monterey that their daughter, Betty, is engaged to Tom Valentine.

They will be married Sunday evening, January 19, at 9 o'clock at a small family wedding with Rev. John H. Hunter of Pacific Grove, officiating. Following the ceremony there will be a reception and a supper, after which the couple will depart for a Southern California honeymoon before returning to live in their Pebble Beach home.

The engagement has been kept a secret known only to the members of the two families and several intimate friends so the news took quite unawares those who knew nothing of the romance which began several months ago when the couple met at the Pebble Beach home of Mrs. Havens Montague.

Tom, originally from Maine, is the son of Col. and Mrs. Arthur T. Valentine now of San Diego and has lately been spending most of his time commuting between his San Diego home and Pebble Beach.

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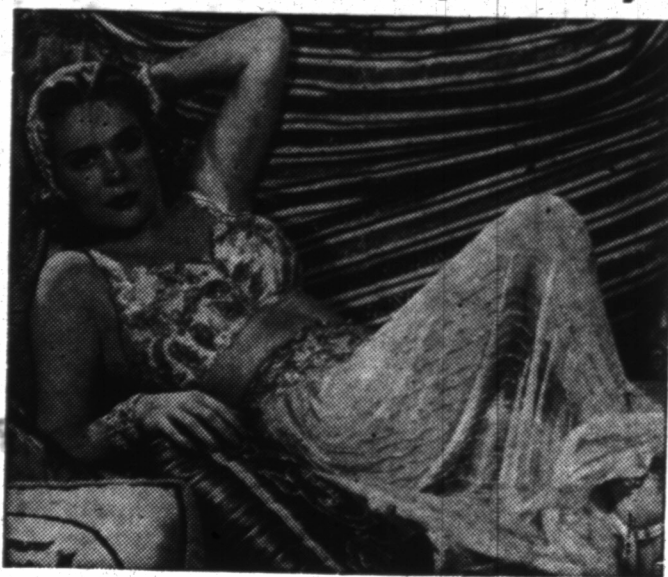
JEANNETTE McFADDEN WEDS CAPT. E. A. ANDREWS IN RENO TOMORROW

Along with all the rest of the confusion of the holidays another unexpected surprise is tossed from out of the blue for us to assimilate — tomorrow Jeannette McFadden will be standing in the Presbyterian Church in Reno becoming the bride of Capt. E. A. Andrews, with Don and Ara McFadden as witnesses.

We really don't know much about how it all happened, all that was shuttled on to us was that Jeannette, who has been down here for the last 10 days taking a vacation from her San Francisco business school, all of a sudden planned to fly with Capt. Andrews over to Reno on Friday to be joined by Don and Ara for the wedding on Saturday. Don and Ara will be doubly busy celebrating as Saturday will mark their first anniversary, in fact, Jeannette's wedding will all take place in the very same church.

After the ceremony and the celebrating, they will all wend their way home and continue living in Carmel. Jeannette will once more be a permanent resident here as her new husband is stationed at Fort Ord and has a home in Carmel.

'Dancing on a Dime' Now Playing At Carmel Theatre, 'Tin Pan Alley' Sunday, Monday, Tuesday



Lovely ALICE FAYE in "Tin Pan Alley" which comes to the Carmel Theatre Sunday.

A stimulating combination of colorful dances, gay new tunes and an interesting plot presented by a large and brilliant cast all go to make, "Dancing on a Dime" good fast-moving entertainment which Carmel audiences may view today and tomorrow at the Carmel Theatre. The picture goes along at a merry clip introducing many new songs and personalities. The new songs introduced are, "Manana," "I Hear Music," "Dancing on a Dime," "Lovable Sort of Person" and "Debutante No. 1"; the most outstanding new personality introduced is the attractive and talented Grace McDonald, Broadway musical comedy star who makes her first screen debut in this picture and who plays the leading role opposite Robert Paige. Other members of the cast include Virginia Dale, Peter Hayes, Lillian Cornell, William Frawley, Eddie Quillan and Frank Jenks. On the same bill with "Dancing on a Dime" there will also be shown, "Cherokee Strip" with Richard Dix and Florence Rice.

From Sunday through Tuesday "Tin Pan Alley," a story of the street where songs are born and starring Alice Faye and Betty Grable as the two leading lovelies, will be at the Carmel Theatre. Filled with some of America's greatest popular song hits, both of yesterday and today, the story shows how song hits are made through the experiences of two shoe string song publishers, Jack Oakie and John Payne, whose songs become popular after Alice Faye sings them. It all has the history of Tin Pan Alley in the years from 1914 to 1919 as a background and revolves around the hectic romance of Alice Faye and John

Jayne, climaxing when they are reunited in London during the last war.

With the mingling of its nostalgic story, the assemblage of old and new hit tunes plus a cast full of stars, "Tin Pan Alley" is made into a very stirring musical which is very apropos of the mood of America today. Besides the four leading stars there is a supporting cast of Allen Jenkins, Esther Ralston, the Nicholas Brothers, dusky dancing stars, and Ben Carter.

And looking quite a way into the future we see that, "Arise My Love" will appear at the Carmel Theatre on Wednesday and Thursday—a picture which we have heard is especially hilarious and fine entertainment, one which should be placed at the top of the not-to-be-missed list.

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The ice skating season at Echo Lake, near Echo Summit, U.S. Highway 50, is in full swing, reports the Sacramento office of the National Automobile Club. Occasional heavy snow will hold up skating for short periods while the snow is being cleared away.

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